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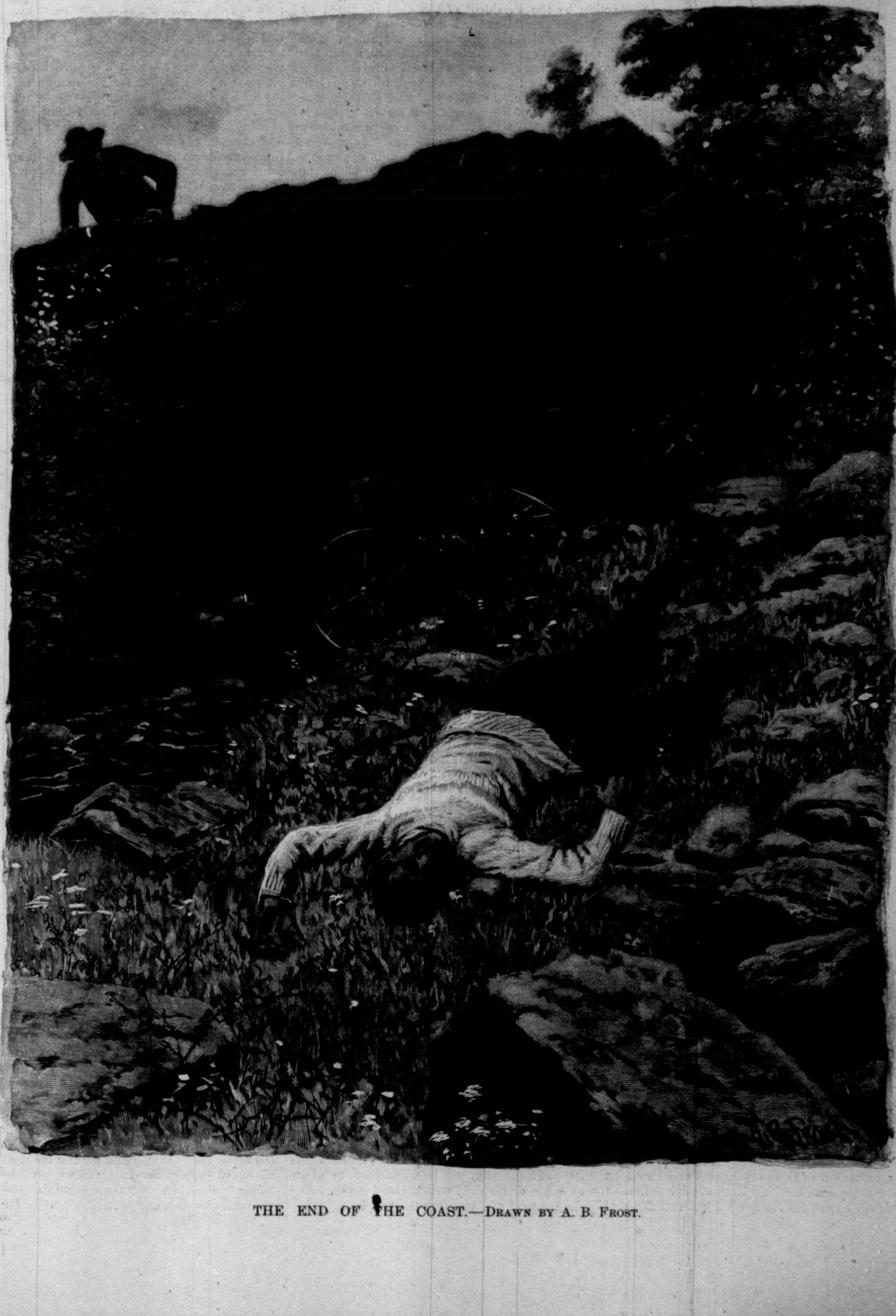

THE END OF THE COAST.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 12, 1898

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NICARAGUA, on the eve of passing, so far as general international relations are concerned, into the United States of Central America, has granted a new concession for an inter-oceanic canal to Mr. CRAGIN and Mr. EYRE. Mr. W. R. GRACE seems to be of the opinion that the canal will be built under the new concession, but President HITCHCOCK, of the Maritime Canal Company, thinks otherwise. The United States government, if it is committed to any corporation, is under obligations to the Maritime Canal Company; but we do not really think that the government is under any obligations whatever to any corporation, or that it ought to assume any obligations, especially in view of the fact that the Panama Canal is likely to be built, and that any Nicaragua Canal scheme is of very doubtful practicability.

IT is only justice to the *Brooklyn* to say that the report of the Official Board of Navigation Officers, presided over by Lieutenant-Commander WAINWRIGHT, shows that the *Brooklyn* was nearer to the *Colon* when the latter surrendered than we have stated. It appears from that report that she was 6800 yards distant, instead of 8900 yards. The whole question is involved in a curious muddle which we cannot unravel. The *Brooklyn* was certainly to seaward of the *Oregon*, although she was in advance; and it is known that the officers of the *Oregon* and the rest of the fleet wondered why Commodore SCHLEY remained so far outside. We are bound to take the Board's report, however, as to her relative position, and we regret that any injustice has been done to the ship or to her officers. So far as the latter are concerned, we are sure that they are as brave and gallant as those of any other ship in the fleet. As to Commodore SCHLEY, that is another question, which we have already discussed.

THE French are talking of raising the whole question of British occupation of Egypt as a cover under which they can retreat from Fashoda. We are inclined to think that the talk of the larger question is purely a mask to enable the government to get out of its untenable position without unduly exciting French popular opinion. There is some ground for the belief in France in a rumor prevailing in Paris, because it is said that Count MURAVIEFF has promised Russian assistance to compel the opening of the whole Egyptian question; but we do not believe that Russia will any more invite a quarrel on that subject with England than she will invite a quarrel with Germany over Alsace-Lorraine. The time has not yet come when Russia wants war. Neither has the time come when the civilized world desires the beneficent administration which England has given Egypt brought to an end. Under British rule Egypt is within the pale of civilization and commerce, and the world is interested in her remaining there.

THERE is much evidence in existence that the President has not been well informed as to the sentiment of the country touching the policy of imperialism by the shouting crowds which met him at the railroad stations on his Western trip. He must have a two-thirds majority of the Senate in favor of any treaty which he may make, and the signs are that there will be a great deal of opposition to the doctrine of expansion as the administration seems to propose to formulate it in the treaty. With the exception of Senators LODGE and FRYE, nearly if not quite all the New England delegation is opposed to expansion, and such extremists as TILLMAN agree with them. One of the strongest speeches that have been made against expansion was that of Senator HOAR at Worcester last Tuesday week, in which he made this truthful and pregnant utterance:

> "And, in my opinion, we are to-day in a great danger—a greater danger than we have encountered since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. The danger is that we are to be transformed from a republic founded on the Declaration of Independence, guided by the counsels of WASHINGTON, into a vulgar, commonplace empire founded upon physical force."

IN view of the persistent rumors that the President intends to remove from the classified service a large number of positions that are now included in it, the Civil Service Reform League has written him a letter urging him to withhold his consent to the efforts that the politicians are making to discredit civil service reform. It is certain that any action by the President of the kind indicated by the rumors would, as the letter of the League says, be considered "alike by the friends and enemies of the merit system as a step backward, a step the more significant because it will be the first step backward taken by the executive branch of the government since the civil service law took effect." The establishment of the present civil service system is the finest legislative achievement of this country during the last twenty-five years. The system, as it stands to-day, has elevated public employment in this country, has saved the heads of the executive departments much of the annoyance they formerly endured from self-seeking politicians, has given the government a body of faithful, intelligent employees, who are not disturbed in their minds by the constant dread of dismissal, which weakened the energies of the employees under the old system. Moreover, it has saved the country annually, as is reported by the Civil Service Commission, more than three million dollars. Mr. MCKINLEY cannot remove a single office from the classified list without striking a blow at this admirable achievement, which is so popular that each party has been forced to recognize it for years as an established fact, no political organization except Tammany and that which supported BRYAN having had the temerity to assail it openly.

THE investigation of the army administration is going on, the commissioners travelling the circuit. They are conducting the examination of officers who have received favors from the administration, and they are neglecting a good many opportunities, apparently, to learn the truth. Their report is likely to find that affairs were conducted about as well as could be expected from the nature of the demand made upon the staff corps; but whatever the report may be, it will be of no importance. We refused to attack the commission in advance, but now we are forced to the conclusion that it is not diligently seeking the truth. The facts are, not only that we began the war before we were prepared for it, but that we went into Cuba like a mob, at a time when Northern soldiers should not have been sent there, and that the men were badly clothed and badly fed, owing to the incompetency of the staff-officers, most of whom were civilians appointed for political reasons. Now that the evil has been done, we learn from the sacrifice of so valuable a man as Colonel WARING that it will not do to send troops into Cuba at this season of the year. The warnings of previous experience, the facts that investigation and science have developed, the known conditions existing in Cuba, the terrible illness of the troops at Santiago, ninety per cent. of whom, at the time the round robin was sent, were unfit for duty, all seem to have been of no educational value to those having charge of our army. Colonel WARING's death brings these people to their senses. He seems to have been sacrificed that the truth might be known. The only consolation that his friends can have for his untimely taking off is that the sacrifice is likely to have been not wholly in vain.

IMPERIALISM AND DEMOCRACY.

IT is at last the determination of the President to take the Philippines, and doubtless he would take Cuba also if the promise of the declaration of war had not been repeated in the protocol. The fate of the country is apparently sealed in this respect, but there is hope until the treaty of peace is ratified by the Senate, and therefore it is the duty of those who believe that by this strange departure the country will be harmed, and that democratic government, which, with all its faults, holds the hope of humanity, will be discredited, to follow the example of Bishop POTTER, and keep on blowing the trumpet and warning the people.

The discussion over the Philippines is one of the strangest results of the war. A year ago, as has been often said, most of the people of this country knew of the existence of the islands only through the news of outbreaks of their people against the rule of Spain. It is safe to say that no politician in this country would have dreamed of accepting them, and the international responsibilities that wait on sovereignty over them, as a gift. Now everything is changed. The dreams of empire are disturbing heated brains which in their calmer moments objected vigorously to the proposed treaty of annexation with Hawaii, and condemned Mr. CLEVELAND for involving us in the troubles of Samoa. But a war that has discovered the unworthiness of its cause, the wretched weakness of our army system, the ambition of politicians to be military leaders, and their grave incompetency; the war which covered the staff corps of the army with deserved ridicule, which resulted in the needless slaughter of brave officers and men of the line, which destroyed the confidence of all intelligent men in raw militia and volunteers, and the gross mismanagement of which has filled thousands of graves with victims of starvation and fever, and the whole land with mourning—this war, demonstrative of nothing more clearly than our unpreparedness for it, has excited the minds of hundreds of thousands of our people with glowing images of future greatness in distant seas, and, strangely inconsistent though it is, has launched us on a career of empire. We shall not join in the sneer at those who predict that we will rise to our new responsibilities, for we believe that if they are really thrust upon us we shall attain the capacity for the government of their peoples, because we must. The cost, however, will be enormous and unnecessary.

Democracy is capable of any effort of government, but it is very slow, because it is naturally and properly weak in executive power. Moreover, it is inevitable that the assumption of the power to rule over people must seriously affect the structure of our government, while it will set back the clock of progress many years. In taking these colonies we will discard the foundation principle of the republic, which was the very soul of our revolution against Great Britain. We will then hold that it is a self-evident proposition that all men are not created equal, and that governments do not necessarily derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." The principles of the Declaration of Independence will be thrown aside. In a short time we shall hear men sneer at those who continue to believe in them, as we have heard sneers at those who continue to insist upon an intelligent construction of the Constitution. We shall come back to the principle in time, our colonies and colonists to the contrary notwithstanding, because it is the true principle, under which the government established here has showered more blessings upon humanity and upon the individual than any other government ever invented by man. Most of what we have that we call progress and enlightenment is due to our American and English democracy, and we shall not lose this by undertaking a despotic rule over unwilling peoples, of alien race, and inhabiting distant lands. But there will be a halt in our progress, and we of this generation and the generations that will come immediately after us must wait and toil for what will come to the far future and which should have come to us.

We shall lose much morally. We shall lose inevitably the fine and ennobling respect for man himself which is bred alone among those who live on equal terms, who stand together on the same level before the laws, who have equal voices in the making of the laws. The country is rich in illustrations of this truth. They may be found wherever the white man is the immediate neighbor of the Indian or the black man. We shall also suffer materially. Some Americans may enrich themselves by reason of the opportunities which our new possessions will offer to them, but that does not mean that the government will grow richer, or even that the majority will prosper. On the contrary, the new colonies must be a burden to the nation. The cost of the increased military and naval establishments alone that will be required to maintain them will reach at least $100,000,000 a year. We shall, in our turn, feel the burdens of militarism as the nations of continental Europe feel them, and we may rest assured that our groans will not be less loud than those which we hear from across the ocean, coming from the people who are now eagerly turning to socialism, the chief enemy of a true democracy, for relief from the burdens of bearing and paying for arms. We shall not only suffer in taxes, we shall probably suffer in commerce, for there is no likelihood that we shall abandon our protective system for a long time to come, and as the Constitution requires that all taxes shall be levied uniformly and equally, the tariff system that protects New England must protect also the sugar and tobacco of our colonies. The result will be, of course, the promotion of commercial war. It is partly because of our mediæval trade policy that the commerce of Great Britain has flourished and become the greatest in the world, and it is partly because the failure of the Dingley bill as a revenue measure led Englishmen to fear that we would abandon the protective system, which aids them so materially, that many Englishmen have been urging us to take the Philippines and everything else in the way of territory that may come in our path. They confidently believe that with new colonies we shall extend the area and lengthen the life of our protective policy, and that British commerce will be the gainer thereby. At all events, an enormous increase of taxes and a new lease for the protective system are probably to be the immediate result of our colonial policy. The people must pay for the experiment in two ways: their taxes will be increased and their incomes will be diminished.

We ought eventually, also, to change the character of our government. We ought not to leave to Congress the power to declare war, or to the Senate the power to ratify treaties or to confirm appointments. We have abundant proof that Congress is not the proper body to deal with a delicate question between nations, and that its power to drive us into war by its insults of foreign nations should be taken away, while the power of the Senate over treaties makes negotiation with foreign governments almost fruitless. If we are to increase our international complications we should have a government which can transact international business secretly if necessary; at all events, intelligently, politely, and effectively. If our boundaries are to touch those of Europe at their sorest points, we ought to minimize the chances of causeless wars. We know now from General Woodford that all the proposed results of our war with Spain could have been obtained without war, and that diplomacy was about to win the victory for us, when Congress slanged the country into war. We ought to take away also the power of the Senate over appointments, especially if we are to become a military power, for we have seen how weak and ineffective the influence of the Senate has made the Executive, and how it has filled the army with ignorant and inexperienced youth, to the loss doubtless of many valuable lives. We ought to have a stronger Executive, a better administrative force, for we cannot safely intrust the power to govern colonies and the opportunity to incense foreign powers to heelers and strikers.

It will be a long time before the country will come to this, and in the mean time it will suffer by its unreadiness and the inherent weakness of a system upon which we will be forcing functions and duties which it was never intended that it should perform. But the greatest suffering will be at home and in our domestic politics. Our troubles here come from the rule of corrupt and ignorant men, who, to speak generally, are in politics for money-making. It seems to us to be the first duty of every friend of the country to exert himself to the utmost to inform the public mind and to awaken the public conscience, with a view of driving the present race of politicians out of power, so that vulgar commercialism shall no longer stain the escutcheon of the republic. But the first step towards the accomplishment of the object should be the restriction and decrease of opportunity. In taking on new colonies, however, we are increasing opportunity, and enlarging the field for the politics of cupidity and plunder. We are making predatory politics more attractive. This, as we have said, will hurt most at home, for it will make the fight against bosses and bandits harder and longer. Expansion, for the moment at least, will strengthen bad government.

Finally we shall be discrediting democratic government everywhere. We declared that our war was one of humanity, and we promised that it should not be turned into one of aggrandizement. Our enemies in Europe declared that we were not sincere, and now they will have occasion to believe that their charge was just, and that the word of a popular government is not to be trusted. These, in brief, are some of the evils that must come upon us if the Senate ratifies such a treaty of peace as our commissioners in Paris are trying to make. In return we shall get very little, not enough to pay for half the expense of defending our new possessions. The cost will be enormous and unnecessary; but it will not ruin us. The evils which we incur will not destroy the republic nor put an end to the democratic experiment. In the end we shall surmount our difficulties; and, in generations of the far-distant future, humanity may be the better for what apparently we are about to do to-day. Let us hope so, at all events. We firmly believe that government of the people, by the people, for the people is not to perish from the earth, even when its chosen champions seem to turn their backs upon it.

RITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

Since 1895, when the Salisbury government came into office, the Church of England has had a more disturbing part in English politics than at any other time during this generation, and the attitude of the government towards the Church seems likely to bring it into as much trouble as anything else in its domestic policy. The clergy of the Church of England worked unusually hard for the Conservatives at the general election, and soon received their reward in the shape of the Education Act of 1897, which practically provides that Church schools shall be maintained entirely out of the public treasury, while the clergy are left in full and absolute control of their local management.

This was the most retrograde Parliamentary measure of this century, and it has afforded the Liberal party the best opportunity it is likely to have of assailing the domestic policy of the Salisbury administration at the next general election. It was a concession to the Church which has aroused the non-conformists; which has helped the Liberals to detach themselves from the home-rule movement, because of the support given by the Nationalists to the Conservatives in their educational policy; and it has done more to unite English Liberals than anything else that has happened since the great split of 1886.

The government has incensed the non-conformists by its acts of commission. It has aroused the hostility of the Evangelicals in the Church of England, and given a stimulus to the anti-ritualistic agitation, by what the Evangelicals regard as its acts of omission. Those who are now engaged in the anti-ritualistic campaign have two grievances against the government. They resent its refusal to grant a royal commission to inquire into the appointment of High Church bishops, which has occurred so frequently in the course of the last twenty-five years, during which the Premiership has been held either by Gladstone or Lord Salisbury. They also resent the refusal of the government to take any Parliamentary action to stay the ritualistic movement.

As to the facts concerning ritualism, they are not questioned. The movement is spreading all over the country, but especially in London and in the large cities, and for five years past it has been giving Evangelical Churchmen much concern. The clerical innovators become more daring as the movement spreads, so that it is an easy matter to compile lists of churches at which services are regularly celebrated which, it is charged, have not the sanction of the prayer-book and are contrary to acts of Parliament. A little while ago one of the London newspapers enumerated the churches in the metropolis at which ritualistic services are held, and described in detail the services at several of the more extreme churches to show how nearly they approached to those of the Roman Catholics. At many of the London churches the clergy now describe themselves as priests; they speak of the service in the church as mass; and some of them preach the doctrines of the real presence and eucharistic sacrifice. Vestments, altar lights, and incense are commonly used, and at some churches there are holy-water stoups. It is charged that at scores of the churches of the Establishment in different parts of England the prayer-book has ceased to be the guide to services and celebrations; that extra services are instituted, and that little heed is given to the Parliamentary enactments which are supposed to regulate the conduct of the clergy in their ecclesiastical offices.

The bishops have power to prevent all departures from the prayer-book and the law. But the Evangelical Churchmen complain that the bishops themselves are ritualists, and instead of checking the clergy, rather sympathize with the practices which the anti-ritualists regard as illegal and tending Romewards. Despairing of help from the bishops, the anti-ritualists last session turned to Parliament. When a bill was going through the House of Commons, having for one of its objects the prevention of the induction of unworthy clergymen, they sought to add a clause which would have enabled parishioners to veto the appointment of extremists in ritual. The government, however, gave no support to the clause, and it was then that Sir William Harcourt, the leader of the Liberal opposition, first began to champion the cause of the Evangelicals, and to associate himself actively with the present anti-ritualistic agitation. Some curious results have followed. The Evangelical Churchmen are now appealing to non-conformists for help, and non-conformists are receiving the thanks and congratulations of Orangemen, usually the extremists of church and state Tories. The Evangelicals claim that the government lost a seat at a by-election at Southport owing to its apathy towards the ritualistic movement; and generally the whole controversy, the persistency of the anti-ritualists on the one side and the aggression of the ritualists on the other, is forcing the Church of England into politics in an altogether unlooked-for manner.

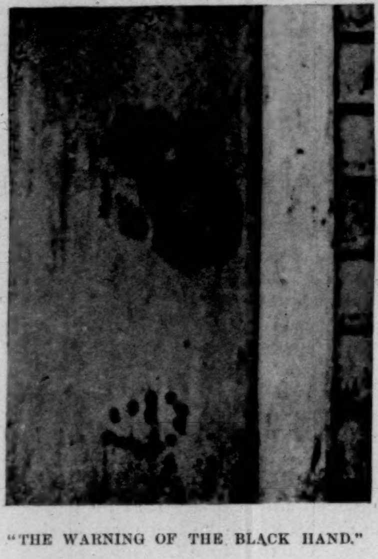
FRANCE'S OPPORTUNITY.

M. Brisson was turned out of office because he considered and announced that the demand for a revision of the Dreyfus trial could no longer be withstood. The expulsion of his ministry for that reason was of course disgraceful to France, but the circumstances greatly attenuate the disgrace. The power of the army in bullying public men has, it is true, again been exhibited. The Minister of War, who succeeded one minister guilty of what may be called oral forgery to bring about the conviction of a culprit, and another who read to the legislature a forged document in order to justify that conviction, showed himself worthy of these predecessors. He resigned to the Chamber by way of resenting the action of his colleagues, about which they declare that he had been consulted, and in which he had acquiesced. But the great thing is that in a Chamber packed against revision—for revision was the issue upon which it was elected—the anti-revisionists had a majority of some fifty only, while before Henry's forgery and "assisted suicide" the revisionists could muster but three votes altogether, while the placarding of the document which Henry afterwards confessed to have forged was ordered by a unanimous vote. That the Brisson ministry was dismissed in such a Chamber by so narrow a majority shows that truth and reason are making their way in France.

The question of revision has been taken out of politics by the decision of the Court of Cassation that Dreyfus was improperly condemned. What is left in politics is the question whether the chiefs of the army shall be permitted to override law and justice and fact and reason in the name of the honor of the army. Their contention has been that the honor of the army forbade a French government to admit that an honest mistake might have been made by a court martial. In order to prevent such an admission the chiefs of the army, it is now seen, have maintained and protected the honor of the army by perjury and subornation of perjury, forgery and subornation of forgery. They have succeeded in bullying every President and every minister who has been in office since the suspicion that Dreyfus was improperly convicted began to spread. Not a Minister of War, in particular, has held office since who has not been either an active accomplice in the work of perverting justice and stifling truth, or an inconceivably credulous dupe of the conspirators. Not a chief of the staff, scarcely a high officer of the staff, remains unsmirched. Generals in uniform have gone to court and, under pretence of giving testimony, have directed verdicts; while the judges, who should have rebuked them, have encouraged them in putting the army above the law. The one officer of the general staff who has shown a real sensitiveness to the honor of the French army, and has urged that it be saved by doing justice, is in prison on a purely malicious charge.

Such is the condition with which the Dupuy ministry finds itself confronted. The real task of that ministry is to assert and maintain the supremacy of the civil power. It has many advantages for such a task. It would be impossible to assemble a ministry of experienced French politicians who had not been more or less "mixed up" with the previous phases of the Dreyfus case. But not one of the new ministry can be said to have been actually smirched. President Faure is perhaps more deeply implicated than any one of them, but he is not likely to resist a clear declaration of the public will. If the ministry can induce the legislature to take the ground that no Frenchman is above the law, and that perjury and forgery are the same crimes when committed by officers in defence of the honor of the army as by other persons from other motives, it will have deserved well of the republic. If it cannot make this showing, the republic will no longer exist, for it will have been supplanted by a military oligarchy.

THE "BLACK HAND" IN PUERTO RICO.



"THE WARNING OF THE BLACK HAND."

WHEN you have observed in the New York papers that a town in Puerto Rico has been burned by bandits, and, later, have seen the mail-coaches between San Juan and Ponce travelling for a large part of their journey under an armed guard, you will no doubt form your idea of the character of the country accordingly, and straightway wish to protest against the removal of troops from such a lawless and disorganized community. When you also hear rumors of a dreaded secret brotherhood, with the name and insignia of the "Black Hand," holding under a reign of terror the mountain towns of Adjuntas and Utuado, you will perhaps consider the expediency of returning to its former owner territory so unrestful and unpacified.

This, it will be understood, is your conception of the situation as a result of your broad observation from the Hotel Inglaterra in San Juan and the Plaza Café in Ponce. Your experience with the shopkeepers, moreover, may tend to confirm your conviction that all Borinquens are lineal descendants of the buccaneers.

This deduction, however, will be modified when you come to know the Puertoriqueños of the mountains. They are not, you will find, bandits by profession and law-breakers by choice, but a docile and gentle folk, whose kindly ways make your ponderous army "Colt" seem as useful and appropriate for travel in their country as would be a dress waistcoat or a silk hat. The friendly "bueno' dia'," from the door of every cocoa-thatched hut, is not merely a greeting, but a frank expression of good-will. The hospitality of the native of the mountains is as exuberant as the foliage that surrounds his door. The ready offering of fragrant coffee and aguacates or bananas is as spontaneous as it is acceptable. Outside of Ponce or San Juan, where, by-the-way, the shopkeepers are largely Spanish by birth or sympathy, one finds the native not only honest and law-abiding, but peaceable to a degree that is surprising, when one considers the fiery sugar-cane rum which is their daily beverage.

CAPTURED BANDITTI—UTUADO.

SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS AT SUNDAY SERVICE IN THE PLAZA, UTUADO.

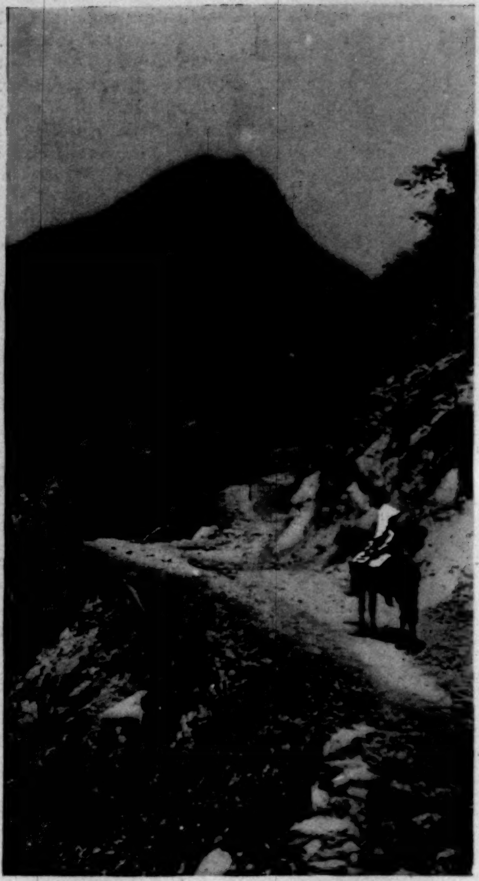
A chance stranger is somewhat puzzled, having this knowledge of the kindly nature of the Borinquen, to see in the town of Adjuntas and the surrounding country a more sinister spirit, evidenced by the smoking ruins of plantation-houses and acres of coffee-bushes cut close to the ground; by cattle hamstrung and left to die by the way-side, and families fleeing with their household goods to places of safety. On an occasional door or store front appears a single black print of a human hand. If the native be questioned, he responds with a sidelong glance and finger on his lip.

"El mano negro," he whispers.

A photograph of the grim symbol is obtained only after much diplomatic negotiation with the owner of the house, who is not eager to appear in the light of one bearing evidence against the shadowy Presence. One learns that the dreaded token on the door is the precursor of a masked band coming by night to leave a record of its visit written with torch and machete. He hears of a woman and child hacked with knives and left for dead on the Lares Road; of a plantation-owner, aged and infirm, beaten and tortured, his ears cut off, and, finally, in the presence of his son, hanged from a rafter in a house. He sees traces of pillage and arson. All these signs of violence, though dispiriting to the solitary traveller, need not change his estimate of the people formed in his first ride over the mountains. These crimes will later assume their proper place in the perspective of history. Some of them are a part of the outlawry that must needs attend the close of a war. In most cases, however, what he sees is merely a rude balancing of accounts. The items on one side have been accumulating for some four centuries, and it is not surprising that the lower class of Puertoriqueños should wish to make a few additional entries before the United States closes the ledger permanently.

It has been the business of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment to suppress this persecution of the Spanish residents, and the task has been by no means an easy one. By the terms of the protocol only such territory could be occupied by the American forces as was *de facto* in their possession at the time hostilities ceased. The practical result of the agreement was that a hazy boundary-line was drawn between the Spanish and American outposts. This uncertainty left a strip of country some eight miles broad entirely without protection. It is in this district that most of the outrages have occurred. Although these have been committed to a large extent by irresponsible negroes and the lower class of natives, there has been some evidence of an organized effort to drive the Spanish sympathizers from the island. The secret society called—from its picturesque method of warning its victims—the "Black Hand" is a political organization known to have existed in the island before the beginning of the American war with Spain. It had its origin, as did the Mafia and Camorra of Sicily and Naples, in the necessity for the existence of individual action against the evils of oppressive foreign government. It is known that members of the prevailing political party belong to it, but it is of course difficult to ascertain whether it was actively identified with either side of the question of autonomy which came before the people at their last election. It is certain, however, that its energies are at present devoted to the business of making the island an unprofitable place of residence for the plantation-owners and small merchants who have been associated with Spanish misrule in the past. The plantations and stores that have been attacked in and about Utuado have all belonged to Spaniards, but one Puertoriqueño having so far requested protection. In the district around Isabella and Quebradillas there have been attacks made on both native and Spaniard, but it is supposed that these are not attributable to the "Black Hand," being beyond the mountainous region which appears to constitute its jurisdiction.

The country between Adjuntas and Utuado is admirably adapted to the purposes of brigandage. Beyond Adjuntas the roads are little more than mountain trails, and it is said that a man can start on foot from the latter town and arrive at Utuado before a well-mounted rider can make the same distance. This fact, together with the existence everywhere of dense tropical foliage reaching to the summits of the mountains, renders pursuit of the outlaws impracticable for American troops. Some twenty-seven details, each consisting of from two to ten men, have been sent out from Utuado to guard plantations and make arrests. Only two of these have had firing to do, in each of which cases the bandits were in the distance and offered no resistance. These details are sent out when requests are made of Colonel Rice for protection and horses are furnished to enable the men to reach the plantations threatened. The conditions prevailing have made it necessary to institute a system of "sweating," by which suspected members of the band are confined separately and examined as to their connection with the organization. Up to the 30th of September, thirty-three suspects have been confined in the carcel in Utuado, and a large number of native prisoners have been held for trial before the alcalde of the town since; so far as possible there has been no interference with the civil laws of the community. The American officers have found these preliminary examinations before the municipal judiciaries to be significantly lenient. It is thought probable that the influence of the "Black Hand" has filtered into the civil administration and courts of justice of the island, so that in many cases the alcalde, and even his common council, are members of the society.



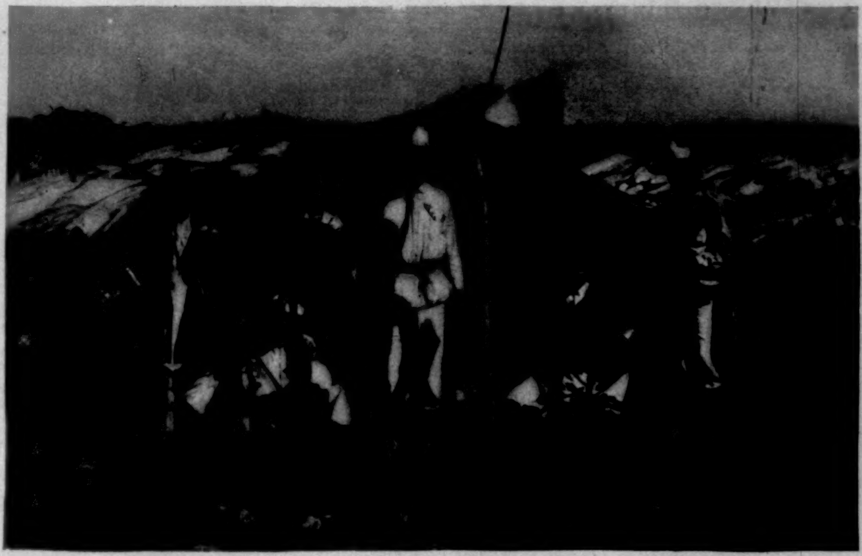
ADJUNTAS—UTUADO ROAD—CONSTRUCTED BY GENERAL STONE FROM A SMALL MOUNTAIN TRAIL.

In addition to the more violent methods of harassing the Spanish residents, a process of isolation or boycott is used against them, by which they are prevented from procuring a sufficient number of laborers to work their plantations. As the present month is the season for picking coffee, the dearth of plantation-workers is severely felt. How effective a native boycott is may be understood from the fact that a steam-laundry erected by the British consul in Arecibo is now a rusting pile of neglected machinery as a result of this form of organized opposition on the part of the natives. In some cases the persecution takes the form of blackmail, demanded by letters written under the seal of the "Black Hand."

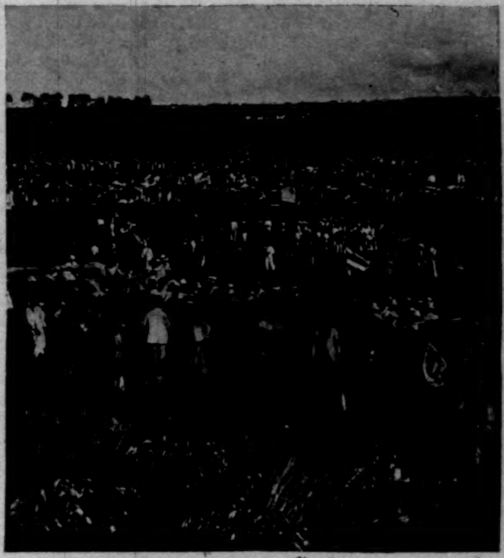
When the town of Utuado was first occupied by our troops the order was issued, as usual, that all arms should be taken from the citizens of the town and from the inhabitants of the surrounding country wherever weapons were encountered. It was found necessary to modify this order, as the Spanish residents would be without the means of defending their lives and property from the attacks of the outlaws, momentarily

Rear-Admiral Sampson. Captain Hart, *Interpreter.* Major-General Wade. Brigadier-General Clous, *Secretary.* Major-General Butler.

THE AMERICAN MEMBERS OF THE EVACUATION COMMISSION, AND AIDES.



A TYPICAL INSURGENT—GUANABACOA.



THE INSURGENT CAMP AT GUANABACOA.

THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE—RESIDENCE OF GENERAL BLANCO.

FEEDING THE POOR AT NOON—AN EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCE.

IN AND ABOUT HAVANA.—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

expected. Arms were therefore allowed in the possession of those citizens whom the American officers had reason to believe were in need of protection. To those was also given the security which the presence of American soldiers always insures. The ability of a handful of Americans to care for two hundred or more outlaws has been frequently demonstrated. Notably so in the case of Private Edwards of the First Kentucky Regiment. He was assigned to the duty of guarding a plantation house alone, and proved himself amply capable of doing so. A party of some hundred armed men approached the house and were met in the road by the American, who, after an unnoticed challenge, settled the matter quietly and expeditiously, and without unnecessary waste of time or ammunition. When the "Black Hand" representatives withdrew, they left three of their number on the ground pierced with bullets, and one, with a bayonet-thrust in the neck received in a hand-to-hand encounter. There was no need thereafter for guards at that particular plantation. It is to be hoped that Private Edwards received his chevrons.

Since the withdrawal of the Spanish troops from the island, and the assumption by the American forces of the entire responsibility of maintaining order, it is reasonably to be expected that further acts of violence on the part of the "Black Hand" will not be attempted. Considering the fact that the country presents a combination of geographical and moral circumstances highly favorable to lawless pursuits, there has been, on the whole, a remarkable freedom from those conditions which are naturally to be expected at the close of a war. The "Black Hand," with a spirit behind it as bitter as any that existed in the South at the close of the war, has been guilty of no such record as had the Ku-Klux in Louisiana and Georgia. The symptoms of violence on the part of the members of this secret society are not to be taken as an indication of the Puertoriqueño's unfitness for a place in the American body politic. The better class appreciates the truth of the observation made by a local paper, that "outrage is a two-edged sword which may deprive us of our right to liberty....He is an enemy of Puerto Rico who to-day attempts to disturb the civilizing actions of the American people, appealing to violence and to illegalities, when all the doors are open to us to obtain our aspirations for liberty and justice." JOHN HAMILTON THACHER.

ART IN PITTSBURG.

THE third annual exhibition at the Carnegie Art Galleries, Pittsburg, fully maintains the interest aroused by the previous ones. The reason is that the same principle has guided the management. They have once more secured an epitome of the best that is being accomplished in all the art centres of America and Europe. There is no other such annual exhibition anywhere, and consequently Pittsburg compels the serious attention of all intelligent art-lovers. Its characteristics are variety, excellence, and reasonableness of size. There are not more than two hundred and forty-four exhibits, so that each one can be comfortably and thoroughly studied, and it may be added that there are very few which will not repay the study. The impression produced upon the visitor is that it is distinctly the livest exhibition he has seen. The aims and methods of the painters are so varied that, instead of the exhausting sameness which characterizes so many exhibitions, this one is fertile in suggestions, fresh, spontaneous, and vital. The foolish cry was raised in previous years that the introduction of a foreign element was a slight upon American painters. If American art were in its infancy there might be some point in the assertion. The child would feel awed in the presence of the man. But in the same breath it is asserted that our native art has passed this stage, and can hold its own in the world. If so, why need it fear competition? As a matter of fact, it need not.

It is recognized everywhere as a real force to be reckoned with, and it makes the truth fully felt in the present exhibition, so that it may be hoped we have heard the last of an unworthy reflection upon the broad-minded policy of the Carnegie trustees. It should be borne in mind also that while the latter are incidentally and very materially encouraging American art by the prizes they offer and the pictures they buy, their first and foremost aim is to cultivate the taste and knowledge of their citizens and of the public outside who have the opportunity to visit the exhibition. This is the distinctive feature. The painter may here obtain glory—witness the growing esteem in which the gold medal conferred is being held in Europe as well as in this country. But the glorification of the painter is not the first thought. It is the enlightenment of the people by showing them the best that is being done everywhere, thereby broadening their knowledge, stimulating discernment, and preparing them to sanely and fully understand the work of their own men. An understanding public is as necessary to the spread of art as good painters, and an understanding of what is being done at home is likely to be broader and deeper when it grows out of an extended comparison of many men and many manners.

The coveted gold medal has been won this year by Dwight William Tryon's "Early Spring in New England," reproduced on another page. It is a large and important picture, executed with a mature knowledge of what painters call values—that is to say, the relative variations in the planes of the landscape produced by intervening layers of atmosphere. The effect is an absolutely faithful representation of nature, not in the sense of being photographically accurate, but in the just subordination of detail to general effect that shows up the impression which the scene would present to the eye. More than this, the picture is full of human feeling. It represents the scene as it would appeal to the imagination and heart of a sympathetic observer. It is creative in a true sense.

The human quality is hardly so apparent in the silver-medal picture of Childe Hassam, entitled "The Sea." This is rather an example mainly, if not quite entirely, of technique, of the exceeding skill with which warm light and shadows are depicted and a brilliant intricacy of beautiful color is obtained. It is unquestionably lovely and masterful, but it does not make a particularly personal appeal to the observer. Mr. Hassam works in the method of Monet, laying on his color unmixed in separate brush strokes, which at the requisite distance do their own blending. But in its vigor and almost brusque decision his style is distinctly his own. This picture cannot fail to raise the painter in the estimation of his fellows and the public.

The bronze medal has been awarded to Alexander Roche for "The Window-seat." He is a Scotchman, originally of Glasgow, and this picture, painted in soft grays and blues, browns and whites, has the strong personal expression, in this case pensive and earnest, that is the one characteristic which unites the very different units that make up what is erroneously called "the Glasgow school." The "honorable mentions" are "The Shepherd," by an English painter, E. A. Walton, and "Roses," by John F. Weir. The former is a strong presentment of a sturdy youth, with the speechless earnestness in his face that grows out of keeping solitary watch upon the mountains; while the latter represents the sentiment as well as the appearance of the flowers.

Only a brief mention can be made of some of the most notable of the other American pictures. In "The Golden Screen" Edmund C. Tarbell gives a bewitching and masterful rendering of a girl, in white dress and purple hat, sitting before a Japanese screen. By the skill with which he has introduced the light and made the shadows luminous with reflected tints he has produced an *ensemble* that is powerful and yet infinitely subtle and tender. Those who remember J. J. Shannon's "Miss Kitty," of last year, will find in his present picture, "The Stairs," something of the same graciousness of expression. A girl turns her head towards us as she steps up the stairs; her body is curved forward, one hand holds up her skirt. The tone of the picture is silvery gray. The characteristics are the grace, refinement, and piquancy of fresh young girlhood. Frank W. Benson sends one more of his altogether beautiful studies of children, this time in a wood. Frederick D. Freer also represents two children in a wood, calling his picture "Resting," to which he succeeds in giving a charming sense of noonday heat and calm. A "Dutch Bride" standing in a field of brilliant tulips comes from George Hitchcock, a very striking and, as you get used to it, convincing and beautiful picture; and Louis Paul Dessar sends three of his night scenes, one of which, "Sheep-pack at Night," is especially distinguished for the effect of luminous gloom, and the impression which it conveys of tired nature sinking to rest. John S. Sargent is represented by a portrait of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Phelps, seen last year, and by a new one of Mrs. Galbraith Wood, which shows the painter in one of his moods of almost brutal frankness. Of all the portraits, probably the finest, certainly the most persuasive, is one by Miss Cecilia Beaux. The sitter is a lady in the flower of her health and beauty; and the representation involves a breadth of execution and of sympathy with the subject that makes one hazard the opinion that it is the ripest work Miss Beaux has yet produced.

The trustees of the Carnegie Art Galleries have put themselves at the head of the art movement not only in America, but also in Europe. An exhibition so choice, varied, and at the same time summarizing so completely the art tendencies of to-day is without parallel anywhere.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THE WEST INDIES.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

IS JAMAICA WORTH HAVING?

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, *October 24, 1898.*

IN the United States it is the present fashion to say, "We do not want Jamaica; we have enough on our hands already." But American sentiment is often based on material business considerations, and underlying this affectation of sufficient responsibilities is an idea that Jamaica is bankrupt. As a matter of fact, Jamaica is nothing of the kind, and in spite of frequent misfortunes, the finances of the island have shown a most remarkable buoyancy.

The explanation of the misconception as to its solvency is simple enough. A royal commission reported a year ago upon the British West Indies, and summaries of this important document were published in all the British and colonial newspapers, magazines, and reviews. All had their say about it; while in America the more striking and salient conclusions of the report were set forth in the press far and wide. Now the sum and substance of the whole report may be given in a single sentence. "There is," said the commissioners, addressing her Majesty, "every reason to believe that a very serious condition of things is rapidly approaching in your Majesty's West-Indian possessions, and that the crisis will be reached in a very few years."

This grave statement went out to the world without any qualifying facts, and I myself was not aware, until I came to read their bulky report, that the commissioners specially and repeatedly *excluded Jamaica* from the danger which is said to be impending over the rest of the West Indies. As well they might. For the island is virtually inexhaustible in resources, and in the present year of "bankruptcy" is actually exporting more produce than it did fifteen years ago, when there was no such abnormal "depression" as Jamaica is to-day grumbling about. But then Jamaica has long ago made itself unpopular in Great Britain by grumbling. It is true it has been in some respects an unfortunate spot, and has had its opportunities for justifiable complaint, but by continually calling itself "distressful" it has succeeded in frightening away capital and getting itself called bankrupt.

But of all the British West Indian possessions, Jamaica (with the exception of Guiana, which has gold-mines) is the only one that is independent of sugar. This once beneficent giant is now looked upon in these colonies as a malevolent ogre, and when the royal commissioners speak of imminent catastrophe they mean the collapse of sugar cultivation under competition with Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Haiti in American occupation. But in this direction the black shadow of coming events does not darken the Jamaican prospect. Sugar has already, in recent years, dropped from being over 70 per cent. of her total export value to be about 20 per cent. But in the same period fruit has risen from nothing at all to be nearly 70 per cent. of the total! And Jamaica has the advantage over all the other colonies of numerous subsidiary industries—coffee, cocoa, pimento, ginger, among them—all of which are profitable to-day and capable of immense extension in the future, while in her logwood, fustic, and other woods she has assets of prodigious value. "On the whole," as the commissioners say, "there appears to us no ground for despondency as to the future of Jamaica, either in view of the possible failure of the sugar industry or on general considerations," and this opinion is practically supported by the fact that last year the island was able, without difficulty, to raise a loan in London at three per cent.

Is, then, Jamaica worth having? Even to Great Britain, with a fiscal policy hostile to her own colonies, and handicapped by the nearer markets of the United States, the island might easily be made well worth having, while if Jamaica should by any chance come under American control, there is no limit to the possibilities, for the island might then become one of the wonders of the world.

A hundred years ago Jamaica grew cotton, two millions of pounds a year; at the present day there is not a pound of cotton grown in the whole island! Then came sugar and rum, in 1880, to the value of a million sterling. Last year these two products were valued at £300,000! And now, cotton and sugar having failed, Jamaica makes good the great gap in her revenue by fruit. Twenty years ago there was not enough fruit exported to be worth a separate line in the official schedule of products. Last year it stood at half a million sterling! Here, then, are three facts which are convincing as to the buoyancy of Jamaican resources. And who, in the face of the astonishing range of alternative "agricultural" industries which the island can show, will say that if fruit were to go the way of cotton and sugar it would be at the end of its means of revenue?

"Blue Mountain" coffee holds its own against all comers in the markets of the world. Jamaica chocolate is of unbeatable excellence; in pimento (allspice) it has a monopoly; its ginger is world-famous; and nutmegs, cloves, and vanilla thrive in the island luxuriously; the local tobacco makes cigars good enough for the governor's smoking, for the club and the officers' mess; the tea is excellent, and the grapes delicious; of the value of the kola-nut coming into such prominence in the United States, and which flourishes here like a weed, I need say nothing; while cocoanut husks and the fibre-plants—bamboo, China-grass and Sisal-hemp—which are by-products of lands that will not bear the richer-feeding crops, may any day come into prominence. Nor need I say anything of the fruits of Jamaica, as the fact above stated, that the value of the exports under this one head amounted to £500,000 speaks sufficiently.

But to show how backward in enterprise Jamaica is, and as a hint to American and British capital, it is worth noting that here, in the very home of fruits and spices and delicatessen, we buy Canadian ketchups and Dundee marmalade. New York and London provide the jams and pickles and sauces that are in consumption, while Jamaica, out of the abundance of its own relishes and good things, sends nothing abroad in return. Turtle sells in the market here at twelve cents a pound; in England it costs two dollars and a half. But who ever heard of "Jamaica turtle"? The manufacture on the spot of table condiments and like luxuries, and their canning and bottling for export, hold out great possibilities to intelligent outsiders. Of late, very recently, it has struck the Jamaican mind as possible that making lime juice and marmalade at home, and exporting the made article instead of the perishable fruit itself, might be advantageous, but there is nothing being done on an appropriate scale, with proper machinery and of sufficient excellence. There is a great opening here.

Again, what has Jamaica ever done in the direction of food-stuffs for stock? Tens of thousands of pounds' worth of bananas are annually wasted, thrown away, which should make superb horse, cattle, and poultry meal. The yam, too, grows anywhere, a single root occasionally weighing fifty pounds, and if produced in quantities and sent to Europe as cattle food, it might surely compete profitably with similar products from India and from Australia. Here is another opening for the investment of capital and the development of agricultural industry.

Closely allied to agriculture is the raising of horses and stock. Now it is a very interesting fact that the island has for two centuries not only been breeding its own horses, but exporting them. Cromwell's soldiers, when they took possession of Jamaica, found horses wild, in droves—Barbs and Andalusians imported by the Spaniards and run wild. From that day to this thoroughbred sires and mares have been imported into Jamaica, and the consequence is that the island possesses a most remarkably hardy and useful breed of horses, seldom over fifteen hands, but "game" and gentle to a degree. The climate and feed suit horses perfectly. Mules, too, of great grit and apparently inexhaustible stamina are bred in the island, £30 ($150) being no unusual price for a single animal. Now the demand for draught-animals far exceeds the supply. But at present there is no establishment on the island that tries to meet the demand in anything like an effectual manner. Yet when we consider the prices paid for Jamaican horses—as race-horses they go all over the West Indies and the adjacent mainland—and the prices of labor and of food, it is curious that an industry which apparently can command large profits from the start, should not be in full swing on an appropriate scale.

For cattle Jamaica is notoriously suited, and no one who has ever visited the island has failed to be struck by the bulk and stature of the stock at work on the roads or at pasture in the paddocks. By crossing with East-Indian breeds there is now in general use a big-framed, hardy animal, the bullocks very enduring and willing at draught, and the cows giving as much as sixteen quarts of milk a day in the dairy farm. But there are not enough of them. A big cattle-ranch on the waste lands, at present yielding nothing and in the possession of government, would pay good interest on capital if run with American or Australian experience and enterprise.

Very briefly and only in one direction I have referred to several features which, with the proper hands and heads at work—and I would give the preference to American investors as likely to make the best of this remarkable island—might go a long way towards settling the question of the worth of Jamaica. That it is worth having even as it is, and to England, hardly admits of doubt, while if it were in the possession of the United States, Americans would soon discover that Jamaica is not by any means "bankrupt," and is (in spite of the responsibilities of Cuba and Puerto Rico) worth their having too.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

THIS BUSY WORLD

ACCORDING to the Vienna correspondent of the London *Daily News*, Mark Twain has announced his conversion by the Czar to a belief in the possibility of putting an end to war. The announcement was made in a speech before the Society of the Friends of Peace, in Vienna. Mr. Clemens spoke in English, and the despatch says, "The speech was not interpreted to the assembly, because the government representative doubted that all Mr. Clemens said would bear translation." That is a little vague. Were the translators doubtful of their ability to turn Mark's vernacular into German, or was it that our fellow-countryman was too frank in revealing his impressions? If he will send his speech home, readers will be found for it.

It would appear that the outbreak of the Pillager Indians was a successful effort. Indian-Commissioner Jones reports that they had two just grievances. The whites who are their neighbors cheat them out of their timber, and are enabled to do it more easily by the bad system which hitherto has governed the sale of this timber. The Commissioner hopes to have the system bettered. The other grievance is that Indians have been brought as witnesses before the United States court, two hundred miles from home, and have been turned loose, after testifying, without fees, or means of getting home. The Pillagers having brought their wrongs to public notice by their fight, are in a way to have them redressed, though it appears that they hardly intended to go as far as they did, and the fighting seems to have been due to misapprehension rather than to deliberate purpose. As usual, the mischief was made by rascally white civilians, and the sufferers have been the Indians, and the soldiers and officers of the United States army.

Lady Theodore Martin, better known as Helen Faucit, actress, made last week a dignified exit from the world's stage. She was in many particulars a notable member of her profession, being a successful performer not only on the stage but off it, and winning high renown and rewards in her profession without the sacrifice of her personal happiness. She was born as long ago as 1819, both her parents being actors of note. Her early teachers in her profession were Macready and William Farron. She began her stage career in 1834, made her first appearance in London in 1836, and from that time until her marriage, in 1851, to Theodore Martin, was a favorite actress throughout Great Britain. In 1837 she joined Macready's company, and became leading lady to that eminent actor, playing for fourteen years chiefly under his management, with credit, profit, and high distinction. After her marriage her dramatic appearances became more irregular, but she continued on the stage until 1876, and indeed made one or two public appearances after that. She had great beauty and great intelligence, and a personal character which helps one to understand why her greatest impersonations were *Juliet*, *Beatrice*, *Constance*, *Imogen*, *Portia*, and *Rosalind*—all Shakespearian women. Her book *On Some of the Female Characters of Shakespeare* is a work of note. It is doubtless Mr. Winter who, in the *Tribune*, speaks of her as "always adequate to all that is essentially noble in womanlike characters, so that she could greatly express a great and pure ideal."

Her later years were devoted to literature and society, and, as the wife of Sir Theodore Martin, poet, and biographer of the Prince Consort, she became a true ornament of the best society in England.

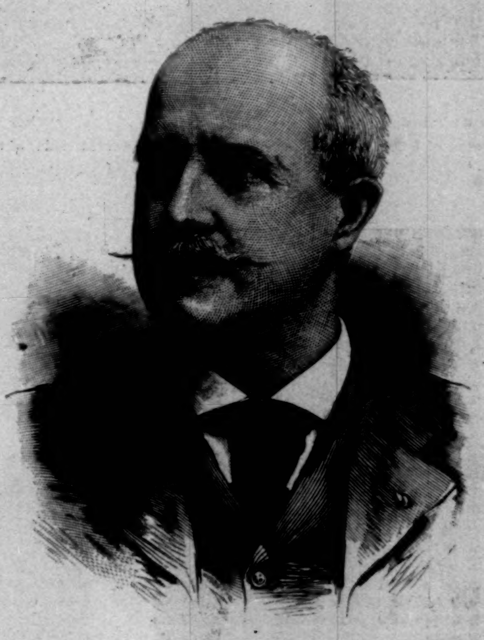
More thought than votes has been bestowed this fall on the doings of the Citizens' Union. It does not necessarily follow that because that party is a public nuisance it is not doing its business well. Its aim is political education. If it believes that more education may be diffused by beating a good candidate than by electing him, it will go in, hammer and tongs, to beat him. When Parnell entered Parliament, the Irish home-rule party, under the leadership of Butt, was merely deprecative. It accomplished nothing. Parnell's policy was to make the party the greatest nuisance possible to the British government, and to keep at it until something happened. Pursuing that policy he accomplished a great deal. The apparent belief of the Citizens' Union that there was more education to be got out of the election of Croker's man than out of the election of Roosevelt was not necessarily an unreasonable belief. Half a loaf is better than no bread, but the half-loaf diet gets tiresome after a while, and determined men may prefer to forego it and live on herbs for a time, if there seems to be a chance by so doing to win square meals in the end.

There is interesting reading in the interview with Rudyard Kipling reported by Sir Edward Russell, of the Liverpool *Post*, the gist of which was given in the *Sun* of October 31. Kipling is very chary about talking for publication, and it does not seem quite clear whether he knew in this case that his words would go into print, for Sir Edward does not mention his name in his report, and merely indicates by hints, inexact but conclusive, who it was that talked with him. They talked about Cecil Rhodes, for whom Kipling expressed the warmest sympathy and admiration. "The greatest of living men," he called him, and spoke of his personal indifference to money except as a useful tool in empire-building, of the simplicity of his life, his indifference to creature comforts, his accessibility, his swift transaction of business, and the nonsense of talk about inhumanity in him. Asked if Rhodes had in a public sense any morals, Kipling seems to have answered that Rhodes was making an empire. What concern had morals with such a labor? The best ideal is to spread civilization, and make an empire in doing it. To the suggestion that it was reassuring to think that the rules of religion had weight in public affairs as well as in private life, the response was that "religion has no influence on conduct." What was of consequence was that the Boers were in favor of everything benighted, and that Rhodes was in favor of everything progressive. The Boers Mr. Kipling declared to be "utterly detestable," cruel to the natives, neither civilized, nor picturesque in their uncivilization, nor righteous in their conduct. He discriminated between them and the Dutch, who are civilized, though slow. He held it to be preposterous to let the Boers have anything to do with politics anywhere where British interests were concerned.

It is a handy thing to have the convictions of one's courage, and in that particular Mr. Kipling, like our own Roosevelt, seems to be abundantly blessed. Some persons have been shocked by his poem about the hunter and the bear (published some weeks ago in *Literature*), in which he scoffs with sweeping derision at the Czar's peace projects, and advocates pounding Russia efficaciously on the head the first good chance. That poem is a product of the same state of mind as these later deliverances. The man believes in the good old rule, in Bismarck's way, in smiting the Philistines and harrying the Hittites, and in leaving excuses and justification to be worked out by the future historian at his leisure.

A line in the WEEKLY last week told of the death of Colonel George E. Waring, from yellow fever, on the morning of October 29, four days after his return from Cuba. When he reached New York on the *Yucatan* he was up and about, but complained of malaria. He went home to his apartment on Second Avenue, expecting to start next day for Washington. But on Wednesday he was not so well and kept his bed, and on Thursday it was ascertained that he had yellow fever. His recovery was expected, until Friday night, when his symptoms became alarming.

He has been mourned in a very unusual degree. Every one in New York, and tens of thousands of persons out of New York, knew him or knew about him, and felt that his death was a catastrophe in which they were personally concerned. Socially he was a delightful man and had a very large acquaintance, with whom he was exceedingly popular. So his death has brought grief to an unusual number of friends, and besides that has brought a regret which has a strong infusion of grief in it to thousands of men and women who knew him only by his works. He changed the whole appearance and atmosphere of New York, making it handsomer, healthier, and pleasanter. Parents were grateful to him as a man who had made their children's lives safer. He had worked as hard and as successfully, or more so, for the poor as for the rich. Every one in New York knew that we owed clean streets to Waring, and a very large proportion of those who knew it were grateful.



COLONEL GEORGE E. WARING, JR.

Born July 4, 1833. Died October 29, 1898.

His work as the organizer and administrative head of the Street-Cleaning Department under Mayor Strong is so famous that his other good works are in some danger of being overshadowed. It is worth remembering that he was chosen for that place on the strength of his high reputation as a sanitary engineer and as a man who could do difficult things. He was born in Poundridge, New York, in 1833, and was educated in Poughkeepsie, where he studied engineering, agriculture, and agricultural chemistry. When he was twenty-one he went lecturing on agriculture in Vermont and Maine, and attracted the attention of Horace Greeley, who made him manager of his experimental farm at Chappaqua. In 1857 he was appointed drainage engineer of Central Park, and while in that employment planted the two rows of elms on the Mall.

When the war broke out he went to it as Major of the Garibaldi Hussars. Later he helped to raise the Fourth Missouri Cavalry, and was made a Colonel, and served as a Colonel till the war ended. In 1867 he became manager of the Ogden farm near Newport, where he lived and studied and practised his profession for ten years. He became so well known as a master of drainage problems and as a sanitary engineer that in 1878, when yellow fever broke out in Memphis, he was called to that city to devise a system of drainage. He did his work so well, under a system of his own devising, that Memphis was changed from the unhealthiest of the Southern cities to a comparatively salubrious place. Many other cities in the South and elsewhere have since adopted his system, which provides for the separation of house-drainage from surface-drainage. After serving as a special agent of the tenth census, he became a member of the National Board of Health. He began his work as Street-Cleaning Commissioner in New York in January, 1895, and, after three years of splendid achievement, was turned out of office as a consequence of Croker's victory last year. On October 2 he was appointed head of the commission to select camp sites in Cuba, and to arrange for sanitary improvements there. He paid special attention to the problem of cleaning Havana, and there is some comfort in the news that his report on that important matter was practically finished, and that the conclusions which he reached are available for government use.

Colonel Waring was a very agreeable writer. Long ago he published some civil-war stories under the title of *Whip and Spur*, as well as other sketches, but of late years his writing, as well as all his work, has been in the line of his profession. His work, though of immense value to his fellow-countrymen, had not enriched him. He died in the service of the country, at the height of his reputation, but without having accumulated even such a fortune as would avail for the modest support of his widow. The proposal that comes from ex-Mayor Strong, that a fund should be raised in his memory for Mrs. Waring's benefit, is timely and suitable, and is likely to find prompt and cordial support from thousands of citizens who feel themselves to be Colonel Waring's debtors.

It is announced that the troubled state of European politics will compel the German Emperor to cut short his visit to Palestine. He has changed his plan so as to leave out his proposed visits to Jericho, Nazareth, and the Sea of Galilee, but his chief errand is already accomplished. On Saturday, October 29, he reached Jerusalem, entering the city through the Jaffa gate to the music of brass bands and the roar of Turkish guns. From the Tower of David he and the Empress proceeded on foot to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where they were received by the Greek, Catholic, and Armenian clergy, who share the charge of that sacred place. The Patriarchs praised William for his piety, and later received his acknowledgments in the form of decorations. Undoubtedly he would gladly have decorated the Apostles also if he had arrived in time. Returning from the church the Emperor received a popular ovation, palm branches being strewn in his path, according to the immemorial custom of the country.

On Monday morning he raised the German flag on Mount Zion, on a piece of ground given to him by the Sultan, and notable as the traditional site of the former home of the Virgin. This land the Emperor placed in charge of the representatives of his Roman Catholic subjects, and telegraphed to the Pope his assurances to that effect.

On Tuesday came the consecration of the Church of the Redeemer, the special occasion of his journey. He walked to the church in the white uniform of the German Guards, the Empress with him, and both wearing many decorations. At the close of the splendid and impressive ceremonies of dedication he read an address acknowledging the obligations of the German people to the religion of Christ, and recording his desire for the promotion of peace on earth.

It is related that the Emperor is the first Christian who has been permitted to visit the tomb of David since 1187, that tomb being one of the most sacred shrines of the Mohammedans.

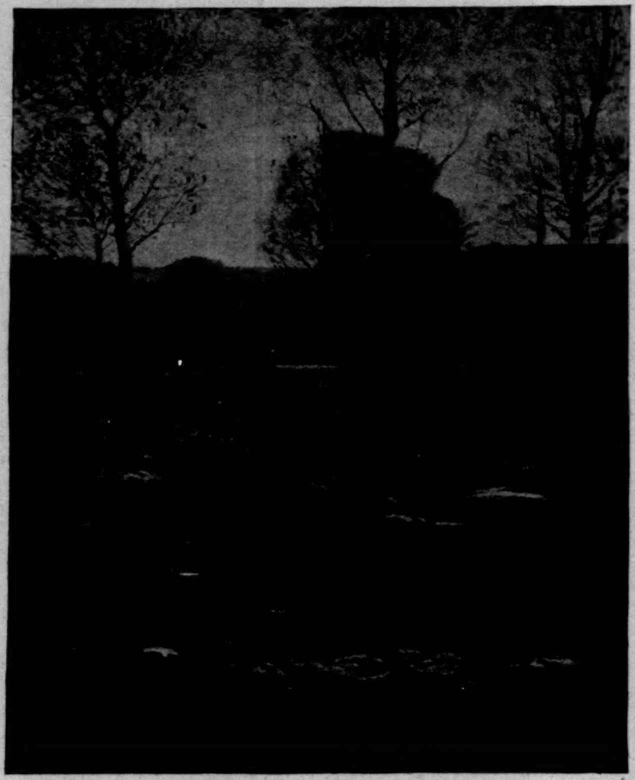
The status of the peace negotiations in Paris as the WEEKLY goes to press is that the American commissioners have announced that their government intends to take all the Philippines, and is willing to become responsible to Spain for a sum of money equal to the actual expenditures of Spain for the advantage of the islands and the good of the people who live in them. A large part of the Philippine debt of $40,000,000 was incurred for expenses in putting down rebellions, and all that our commissioners refuse to assume. The Spanish commissioners have communicated the American proposition to Madrid. The expectation is that the Spanish government will refuse to entertain it, and that a serious hitch in negotiations will result. It will be remembered that the question of the assumption of any part of the Cuban debt by our government is still unsettled, except so far as the firm attitude of our commissioners on that point may be considered as conclusive.

It is worth noting, as a comment on the position of our commissioners, that Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, an ardent annexationist, well known from his long association with the New York *Sun*, contributed to the October number of the *North American Review* an article in which, discussing the Philippine question, he held that the President, by agreeing to the terms of the protocol, abandoned our right to hold the Philippines as conquered territory, and "put the retention of all the islands by us out of the question, unless some consideration should be tendered which would be regarded in Madrid as *quid pro quo*." Mr. Hazeltine thought that a fair price for the Philippines would be the assumption of the whole Philippine debt and about one-fifth of the Cuban debt, or in all about one hundred million dollars. Our commissioners, under instructions from Washington, seem to intend to drive a very much harder bargain than that. The apparent sentiment of the administration that the Philippines are worth very little to us may find more sympathy in this country than the determination to get them cheap.

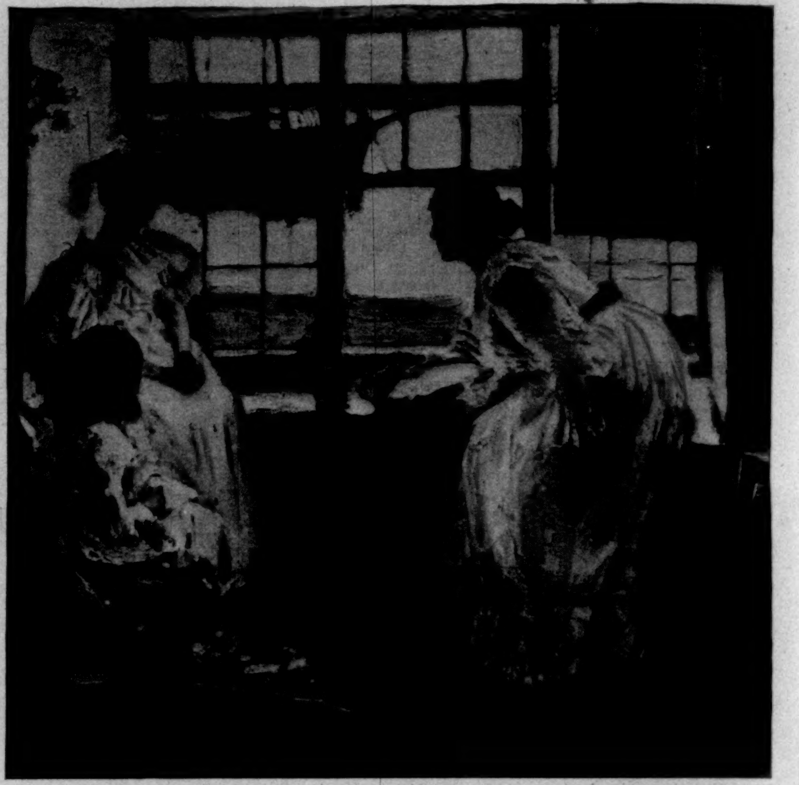
The British navy spent a good part of last week in rolling up its sleeves—first by way of impressing France with the expediency of moderating her claims to territory in Africa; next, to restrain the propensity of Russia to grab another port in the Far East. It seems that Russia, finding Great Britain busy with France over the Fashoda question, occupied, on October 15, the town of Niu-chwang, on the Liau-ho River, in the province of Liau-tung. On November 2 all the British war-ships at Wei-hai-wei cleared for action. No doubt something will come of all this activity; but no doubt, also, it will be something diplomatic, and not war.

The French Court of Cassation has granted the application for revision of the Dreyfus court martial, but has not as yet consented to the release of the prisoner pending the revision of his case. It is probable that the new inquiry will be secret. The court has authority to summon any witness in France, and to command, if it chooses, the presence of the accused. It could have turned the matter over to a second court martial, and that it did not do that is, so far as it goes, a gain for Dreyfus.

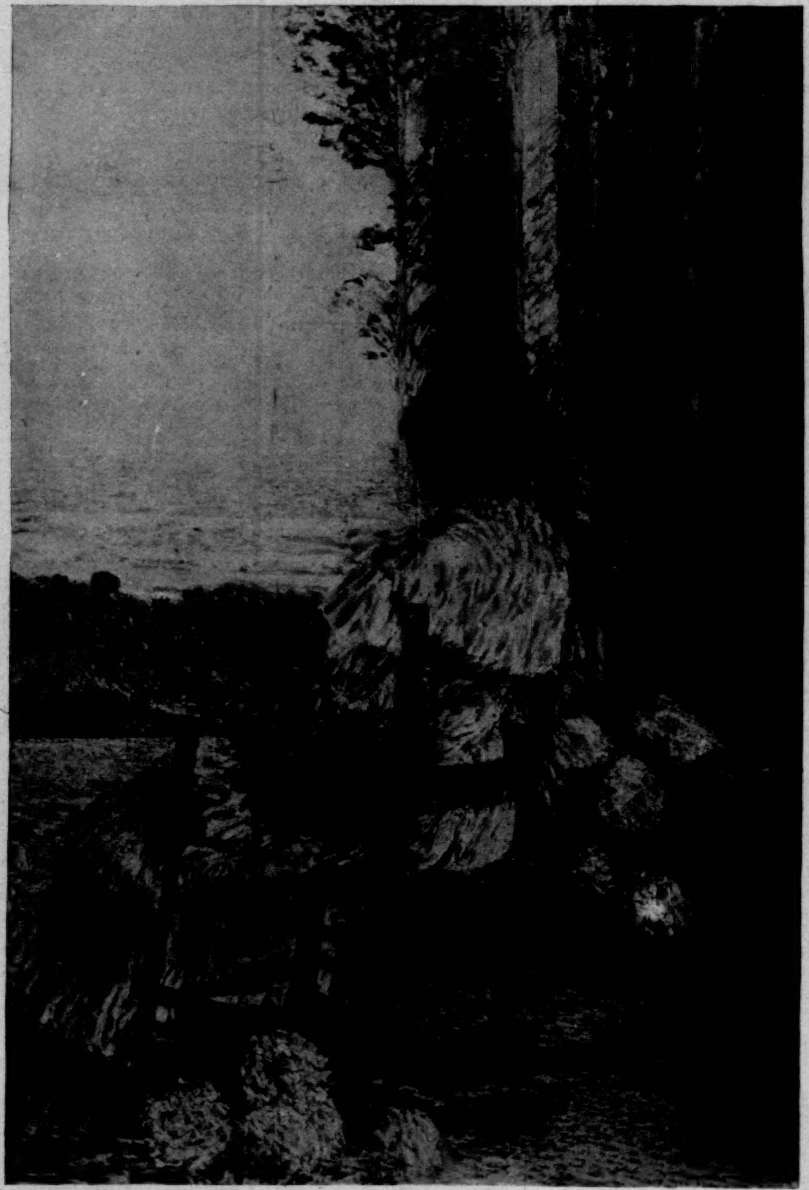
E. S. MARTIN.



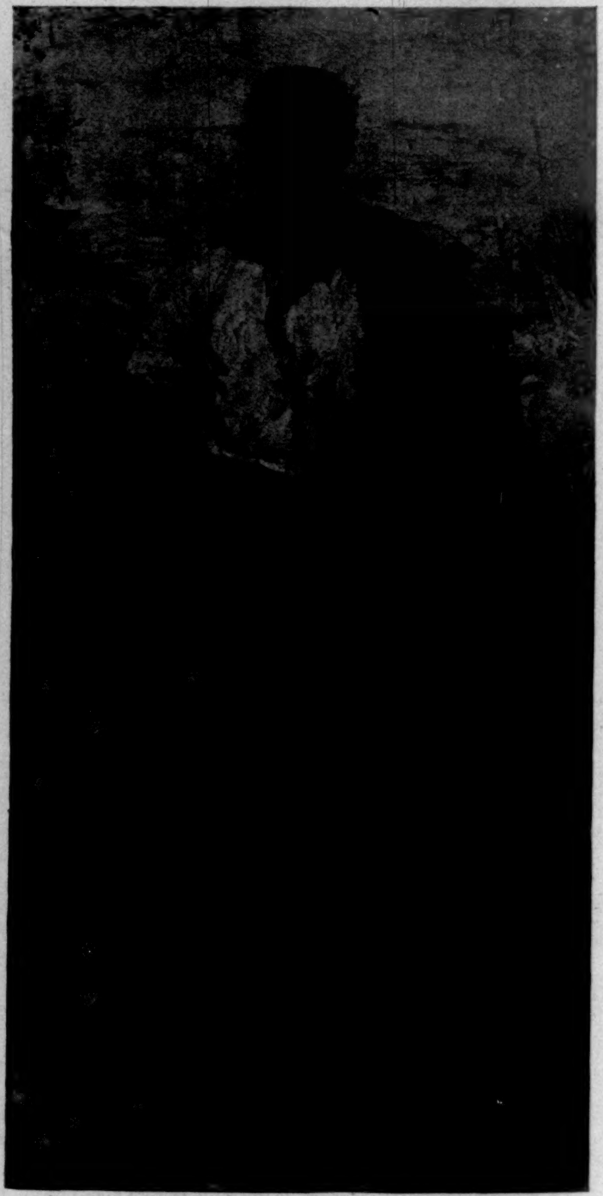
"EARLY SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND."—Dwight W. Tryon.
Awarded Medal of the First Class, carrying with it an Award of $1500.



"THE WINDOW-SEAT."—Alexander Roche.
Awarded Medal of the Third Class, carrying with it an Award of $500.



"THE SEA."—Childe Hassam.
Awarded Medal of the Second Class, carrying with it an Award of $1000.



"THE SHEPHERD."—E. A. Walton.
Awarded Honorable Mention.

PICTURES AWARDED HONORS AT THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG.

By Courtesy of the Institute.—[See Page 1102.]

INSURGENT TROOPS AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF AGUINALDO, SEPTEMBER 13.

ARRIVAL OF AGUINALDO IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE CONVENT, SEPTEMBER 14.

CROWD IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE CONVENT LISTENING TO THE SPEECH OF GENERAL BUENCAMINO, ON THE ARRIVAL OF AGUINALDO.

OPENING OF THE FIRST SESSION OF THE FIRST FILIPINO CONGRESS, SEPTEMBER 15—AGUINALDO, WHO OCCUPIES THE CHAIR, IS JUST ABOUT TO READ HIS MESSAGE.

THE FILIPINO REPUBLIC—WITH AGUINALDO AT MALOLOS.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM OSCAR KING DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 1110.]

THE AWKWARD AGE.*

A Novel.

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

XVI.

THE lower windows of the great white house, which stood high and square, opened to a wide flagged terrace, the parapet of which, an old balustrade of stone, was broken in the middle of its course by a flight of stone steps that descended to a wonderful garden. The terrace had the afternoon shade and fairly hung over the prospect that dropped away and circled it—the prospect, beyond the series of gardens, of scattered, splendid trees and green glades, a horizon mainly of woods. Nanda Brookenham, one day at the end of July, coming out to find the place unoccupied as yet by other visitors, stood there awhile with an air of happy possession. She moved from end to end of the terrace, pausing, gazing about her, taking in with a face that showed the pleasure of a brief independence the combination of delightful things—of old rooms, with old decorations that gleamed and gloomed through the high windows, of old gardens that squared themselves in the wide angles of old walls, of wood walks rustling in the afternoon breeze and stretching away to further reaches of solitude and summer. The scene had an expectant stillness that she was too charmed to desire to break; she watched it, listened to it, followed with her eyes the white butterflies among the flowers below her, then gave a start as the cry of a peacock came to her from some unseen alley. It set her, after a minute, into less difficult motion; she passed slowly down the steps, wandering further, looking back at the big bright house, but pleased again to see no one else appear. If the sun was still high enough she had a pink parasol. She went through the gardens one by one, skirting the high walls that were so like "collections" and thinking how, later on, the nectarines and plums would flush there. She exchanged a friendly greeting with a man at work, passed through an open door and, turning this way and that, finally found herself, in the park, at some distance from the house. It was a point she had had to take another rise to reach, a place marked by an old green bench for a larger sweep of the view, which, in the distance, where the woods stopped, showed, in the most English way in the world, the color-spot of an old red village and the tower of an old gray church. She had sunk down upon the bench almost with a sense of adventure, yet not too fluttered to wonder if it wouldn't have been happy to bring a book; the charm of which, precisely, would have been in feeling everything about her too beautiful to let her read.

The sense of adventure grew in her, presently becoming aware of a stir in the thicket below her, followed by the coming into sight, on a path that, mounting, passed near her seat, of a wanderer whom, had his particular, his exceptional identity not quickly appeared, it might have disappointed her a trifle to have to recognize as a friend. He saw her immediately, stopped, laughed, waved his hat, then bounded up the slope and, brushing his forehead with his handkerchief, confessing to being hot, was very gayly there before her. Her own ejaculation on first seeing him—"Why, Mr. Van!"—had had an ambiguous sharpness that was rather for herself than for her visitor. She made room for him on the bench, and in a moment he was cooling off and they were both explaining. The great thing was that he had walked from the station to stretch his legs, coming far round, for the lovely hour and the pleasure of it, by a way he had learnt on some previous occasion of being at Mertle.

"You've already staid here then?"—Nanda, who had arrived but half an hour before, spoke as if she had lost the chance to give him a new impression.

"I've staid here—yes, but not with Mitchy; with some people or other—who the deuce can they have been?—who had the place for a few months a year or two ago."

"Don't you even remember?"

Vanderbank wondered and laughed. "It will come to me. But it's a charming sign of London relations, isn't it?—that one *can* come down to people this way, and be awfully well 'done for' and all that, and then go away and lose the whole thing, quite forget to whom one has been beholden. It's a queer life."

Nanda seemed for an instant to wish to say that one might deny the queerness, but she said something else instead. "I suppose a man like you doesn't quite feel that he *is* beholden: it's awfully good of him—it's doing a great deal for anybody—that he should come down at all; so that it would add immensely to his burden if anybody had to be remembered for it."

"I don't know what you mean by a man 'like me,'" Vanderbank returned. "I'm not any particular kind of a man." She had been looking at him, but she looked away, on this, and he continued good-humoredly explanatory. "If you mean that I go about such a lot, how do you know it but by the fact that you're everywhere now yourself?—so that, whatever I am, in short, you're just as bad."

"You admit then that you *are* everywhere. I may be just as bad," the girl went on, "but the point is that I'm not nearly so good. Girls are such hacks—they can't be anything else."

"And, pray, what are fellows who are in the beastly grind of fearfully busy offices? There isn't an old cab-horse in London that's kept at it, I assure you, as I am. Besides," the young man added, "if I'm out every night and off somewhere, like this, for Sunday, can't you understand, my dear child, the fundamental reason of it?"

Nanda, with her eyes on him again, studied an instant this mystery. "Am I to infer with delight that it's the sweet hope of meeting *me?* It isn't," she continued in a moment, "as if there were any necessity for your saying that. What's the use—?" But, impatiently, she stopped short.

He was eminently gay even if his companion was not. "Because we're such jolly old friends that we really needn't so much as speak at all? Yes, thank goodness—thank goodness." He had been looking around him, taking in the scene; he had dropped his hat on the ground and, completely at his ease, though still more wishing to show it, had crossed his legs and closely folded his arms. "What a tremendously jolly place! If I can't for the life of me recall who they were—the other people—I've the comfort of being sure their minds are an equal blank. Do they even remember the place they had? We had some fellows down, at—where was it, the big white house last November?—and there was one of them, out of the What-do-you-call-it?—*you* know—who might have been a decent enough chap if he had not presumed so on his gifts." Vanderbank paused a minute, but his companion said nothing, and he pursued: "It does show, doesn't it?—the fact that we do meet this way—the tremendous change that has taken place in your life in the last three months. I mean, if I'm everywhere, as you said just now, your being just the same."

"Yes—you see what you've done."

"How, what *I've* done?"

"You plunge into the woods for change, for solitude," the girl said, "and the first thing you do is to find me waylaying you in the depths of the forest. But I really couldn't—if you'll reflect upon it—know you were coming this way."

Vanderbank sat there with his position unchanged, but a constant little shake in the foot that hung down, as if everything—and what she now put before him not least—were much too pleasant to be reflected on. "May I smoke a cigarette?"

Nanda waited a little; her friend had taken out his silver case, which was of ample form, and as he extracted a cigarette she put forth her hand. "May *I?*"—she turned the case over with admiration.

Vanderbank hesitated. "Do you smoke with Mr. Longdon?"

"Immensely. But what has that to do with it?"

"Everything, everything." He spoke with a faint ring of impatience. "I want you to do with me exactly as you do with him."

"Ah, that's soon said!" the girl replied in a peculiar tone. "How do you mean, to 'do'?"

"Well then, to *be*. What shall I say?" Vanderbank pleasantly wondered while his foot kept up its motion. "To feel."

She continued to handle the cigarette-case, without, however, having profited by its contents. "I don't think that, as regards Mr. Longdon and me, you know quite so much as you suppose."

Vanderbank laughed and smoked. "I take for granted he tells me everything."

"Ah, but you scarcely take for granted *I* do!" She rubbed her cheek an instant with the polished silver, again, the next moment, turning over the case. "This is the kind of one I should like."

Her companion glanced down at it. "Why, it holds twenty."

"Well, I want one that holds twenty."

Vanderbank only threw out his smoke. "I want so to give you something," he said at last, "that in my relief at lighting on an object that will do, I will, if you don't look out, give you either that or a pipe."

"Do you mean this particular one?"

"I've had it for years—but even that one if you like it."

She kept it—continued to finger it. "And by whom was it given you?"

At this he turned to her smiling. "You think I've forgotten that too?"

"Certainly you must have forgotten, to be willing to give it away again."

"But how do you know it was a present?"

"Such things always are—people don't buy them for themselves."

She had now relinquished the object, laying it upon the bench, and Vanderbank took it up. "Its origin is lost in the night of time—it has no history except that I've used it. But I assure you that I do want to give you something. I've never given you anything."

She was silent a little. "The exhibition you're making," she seriously sighed at last, "of your inconstancy and superficiality! The relics of you that I have treasured and that I supposed at the time to have meant something!"

"The 'relics'? Have you a lock of my hair?" Then as her meaning came to him: "Oh, little Christmas things? Have you really kept them?"

"Laid away in a drawer of their own—done up in pink paper."

"I know what you're coming to," Vanderbank said. "You've given *me* things, and you're trying to convict me of having lost the sweet sense of them. But you can't do it. Where my heart's concerned I'm a walking reliquary. Pink paper? *I* use gold paper—and the finest of all, the gold paper of the mind." He gave a flip with a finger-nail to his cigarette, and looked at its quickened fire; after which he pursued very familiarly, but with a kindness that of itself qualified the mere humor of the thing: "Don't talk, my dear child, as if you didn't really know me for the best friend you have in the world." As soon as he had spoken he pulled out his watch, so that if his words had led to something of a pause this movement offered a pretext for breaking it. Nanda asked the hour, and, on his replying "Five-fifteen," remarked that there would now be tea on the terrace, with every one gathered at it. "Then shall we go and join them?" her companion demanded.

He had made, however, no other motion, and when, after hesitating, she said "Yes, with pleasure," it was also without a change of position. "I like this," she inconsequently added.

"So do I, awfully. Tea on the terrace," Vanderbank went on, "isn't 'in' it. But who's here?"

"Oh, every one. All your set."

"Mine? Have I still a set—with the universal vagabondism you accuse me of?"

"Well then Mitchy's own—whoever they are."

"And nobody of yours?"

"Oh yes," Nanda said, "all mine. He must at
have arrived by this time. My set's Mr. Longdon,
explained. "He's all of it now."

"Then where in the world am I?"

"Oh, you're an extra. There are always extras."

"A complete set and one over?" Vanderbank lau
"Where then is Tishy?"

Charming and grave, the girl thought a mo
"She's in Paris, with her mother—on their way to Ai
Bains." Then, with impatience, she continued: "Do
know that's a great deal to say—what you said just
I mean about your being the best friend I have."

"Of course I do, and that's exactly why I said it.
see I'm not in the least delicate or graceful or shy a
it—I just come out with it and defy you to contr
me. Who, if I'm not the best, is a better one?"

"Well," Nanda replied, "I feel since I've known
Longdon that I've almost the sort of friend who m
nobody else count."

"Then, at the end of three months, he has arriv
a value for you that I haven't reached in all these ye

"Yes," she returned—"the value of my not
afraid of him."

Vanderbank, on the bench, shifted his position, tu
more to her, with an arm over the back. "And y
afraid of *me?*"

"Horribly—hideously."

"Then our long, happy relations—"

"They're just what make my terror," she brok
"particularly abject. Happy relations don't matte
always think of you with fear."

His elbow was on the back of the seat, and his
supported his head. "How awfully curious—if
true!"

She had been looking away to the sweet English
tance, but at this she made a movement. "Oh, Mr.
I'm 'true'!"

As Mr. Van himself could not have expressed, at
subsequent time, to any interested friend, the partic
effect upon him of the tone of these words, his chron
takes advantage of the fact not to pretend to a greate
telligence—to limit himself, on the contrary, to the si
statement that they produced in Mr. Van's cheek a
discernible flush. "Fear of what?"

"I don't know. Fear is fear."

"Yes, yes—I see." He took out another cigarette
occupied a moment in lighting it. "Well, kindne
kindness too—that's all one can say."

He had smoked again awhile before she turned to
"Have I wounded you by saying that?"

A certain effect of his flush was still in his smile.
seems to me I should like you to wound me. I did
I wanted a moment ago," he continued with some pre
tation: "I brought you out handsomely on the subje
Mr. Longdon. That was my idea—just to draw you.

"Well," said Nanda, looking away again, "he has c
into my life."

"He couldn't have come into a place where it give
more pleasure to see him."

"But he didn't like, the other day, when I used
him, that expression," the girl returned. "He calle
'mannered modern slang,' and came back again to
extraordinary difference between my speech and
grandmother's."

"Of course," the young man understandingly asse
"But I rather like your speech. Hasn't he by this t
with you," he pursued, "crossed the gulf? He has
me."

"Ah, with you there was no gulf. He liked you f
the first."

Vanderbank hesitated. "You mean I managed hi
well?"

"I don't know how you managed him, but liking
has been for him a painful, gradual process. I think
does now," Nanda declared. "He accepts me at las
different—he's trying with me on that basis. He
ended by understanding that when he talks to m
Granny I can't even imagine her."

Vanderbank puffed away. "*I* can."

"That's what Mitchy says too. But you've both p
ably got her wrong."

"I don't know," said Vanderbank—"I've gone int
a good deal. But it's too late. We can't be Greeks i
would."

Even for this Nanda had no laugh, though she ha
quick attention. "Do you call Granny a Greek?"

Her companion slowly rose. "Yes—to finish her
handsomely, to have done with her." He looked agai
his watch. "Shall we go?—I want to see if my man
my things have turned up."

She kept her seat; there was something to revert
"My fear of you isn't superficial. I mean it isn't im
diate—not of you just as you stand," she explai
"It's of some dreadfully possible future you."

"Well," said the young man, smiling down at
"don't forget that if there's to be such a monster, the
also be a future you, proportionately developed, to
with him."

Nanda, in the shade, had closed her parasol, and her
attached themselves to the small hole she had dug in
ground with its point. "We shall both have mov
you mean?"

"It's charming to think that we shall probably h
moved together."

"Ah, if moving is changing," she returned, "t
won't be much for me in that. I shall never chang
shall be always just the same. The same old-manne
modern, slangy hack," she continued quite gravely. "
Longdon has made me feel that."

Vanderbank laughed aloud, and it was especially at
seriousness. "Well, upon my soul!"

"Yes," she pursued, "what I am I must remain haven't what's called a principle of growth." Making marks in the earth with her umbrella, she appeared to cipher it out. "I'm about as good as I can be—and about as bad. If Mr. Longdon can't make me different, nobody can."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

Vanderbank could only speak in the tone of high amusement. "And he has given up the hope?"

"Yes—though not *me* quite, altogether. But the hope he originally had."

"He gives up quickly—in three months!"

"Oh, these three months," she answered, "have been a long time: the fullest, the most important, for what has happened in them, of my life." She still poked at the ground; then she added: "And all thanks to *you*."

"To me?"—Vanderbank couldn't fancy.

"Why, for what we were speaking of just now—my being now so in everything and squeezing up and down no matter whose staircase. Isn't it one crowded hour of glorious life?" she asked. "What preceded it was an age, no doubt—but an age without a name."

Vanderbank watched her a little in silence, then spoke quite beside the question. "It's astonishing how at moments you remind me of your mother!"

At this she got up. "Ah, there it is! It's what I shall never shake off. That, I imagine, is what Mr. Longdon feels."

Both on their feet now, as if ready for the others, they yet—and even a trifle awkwardly—lingered. It might in fact have appeared to a spectator that some climax had come, on the young man's part, to some state of irresolution as to the utterance of something. What were the words repeatedly on his lips, yet repeatedly not sounded? It would have struck our observer that they were probably not those his lips even now actually formed. "Doesn't he perhaps talk to you too much about yourself?"

Nanda gave him a dim smile, and he might indeed then have exclaimed on a certain resemblance, a resemblance of expression that had nothing to do with form. It would not have been diminished for him, moreover, by her successful suppression of every sign that she felt his inquiry as a little of a snub. The recall he had previously mentioned could, however, as she answered him, only have been brushed away by a supervening sense of his roughness. "It isn't so much that, probably, as my own way of going on." She spoke with a mildness that could scarce have been so full without being an effort. "Between his patience and my egotism anything is possible. It isn't his talking—it's his listening." She gave up the point at any rate as if from softness to her actual companion. "Wasn't it you who spoke to mamma about my sitting with her? That's what I mean by my debt to you. It's through you that I'm always there—through you and perhaps a little through Mitchy."

"Oh, through Mitchy—it must have been—more than through me." Vanderbank spoke with the manner of humoring her about a trifle. "Mitchy, delightful man, felt on the subject, I think, still more strongly."

They quitted their place together and at the end of a few steps became aware of the approach of one of the others, a figure but a few yards off, arriving from the quarter from which Nanda had come. "Ah, Mr. Longdon!"—she spoke with eagerness now.

Vanderbank instantly waved a hat. "Dear old boy!"

"Between you all, at any rate," she said more gayly, "you've brought me down."

Vanderbank made no answer till they met their friend, when, by way of greeting, he simply echoed her words. "Between us all, you'll be glad to know, we've brought her down."

Mr. Longdon looked from one of them to the other. "Where have you been together?"

Nanda was the first to respond. "Only talking—on a bench."

"Well, *I* want to talk on a bench!" The old man showed a spirit.

"With me, of course?"—Vanderbank met it with eagerness.

The girl said nothing, but Mr. Longdon sought her eyes. "No—with Nanda. You must mingle in the crowd."

"Ah," their companion laughed, "you two are the crowd!"

"Well—have your tea first."

Vanderbank, on this, giving it up with his laugh, offered to Mr. Longdon, before withdrawing, the hand-shake of greeting he had omitted—a demonstration really the warmer for the tone of the joke that went with it. "*Intrigant!*"

XVII.

Nanda praised to Mr. Longdon the charming spot she had quitted, with the effect that they presently took a fresh possession of it, finding the beauty of the view deepened as the afternoon grew old and the shadows long. They were of a comfortable agreement on these matters, by which, moreover, they were not long delayed, one of the pair at least being too conscious, for the hour, of still other phenomena than the natural and peaceful process that filled the air. "Well, you must tell me about these things," Mr. Longdon sociably said: he had joined his young friend with a budget of impressions, rapidly gathered at the house, as to which his appeal to her for a light or two may be taken as the measure of the confidence now ruling their relations. He had come to feel at last, he mentioned, that he could allow for most differences, but in such a situation as the present bewilderment could only come back. There were no differences in the world—so it had all ended for him—but those that marked at every turn the manners he had for three months been observing in good society. The general wide deviation of this body occupied his mind to the exclusion of almost everything else, and he had finally been brought to believe that even in his slow-paced prime he must have hung behind his contemporaries. He had not supposed at the moment—in the forties and the fifties—that he passed for old-fashioned, yet life couldn't have left him so far in the rear had the start between them been originally fair. This was the way that, more than once, he had put the matter to the girl: which gives a sufficient hint, it is hoped, of the range of some of their talk. It had always wound up indeed, their talk, with some assumption of the growth of his actual understanding; but it was just these pauses in the fray that seemed to lead from time to time to a sharper clash. It was when he felt, in a word, as if he had exhausted surprises that he received his greatest shocks. There were no such strange tastes as some of those drawn from the bucket that had repeatedly, as he imagined, touched the bottom of the well. "Now this sudden invasion of somebody's—Heaven knows whose—house, and our dropping down on it like a swarm of locusts: I dare say it isn't civil to criticise it when one's going too, so almost culpably, with the stream; but what are people made of that they consent, just for money, to the violation of their homes?"

Nanda wondered; she cultivated the sense that he made her intensely reflect. "But haven't people in England always let their places?"

"If we're a nation of shopkeepers, you mean, it can't date, on the scale on which we show it, only from last week? No doubt, no doubt, and the more one thinks of it the more one seems to see that society—for we're *in* society, aren't we, and that's our horizon?—can never have been anything but increasingly vulgar. The point is that in the twilight of time—and I belong, you see, to the twilight—it had made out much less how vulgar it *could* be. It did its best, very probably, but there were too many superstitions it had to get rid of. It has been throwing them overboard one by one, so that now the ship sails uncommonly light. That's the way"—and the old man, with his eyes on the golden distance, ingeniously followed it out—"I come to feel so the lurching and pitching. If I weren't a pretty fair sailor—well, as it is, my dear," he interrupted himself with a laugh, "I show you often enough what grabs I make for support." He gave a faint gasp, half amusement, half anguish, then abruptly relieved himself by a question. "To whom, in point of fact, does the place belong?"

"I'm awfully ashamed, but I'm afraid I don't know. That just came up here," the girl went on, "for Mr. Van."

Mr. Longdon seemed to think an instant. "Oh, it came up, did it? And Mr. Van couldn't tell?"

"He has quite forgotten—though he has been here before. Of course it may have been with other people," she added in extenuation. "I mean it mayn't have been theirs then any more than it's Mitchy's."

"I see. They too had just bundled in."

Nanda completed the simple history. "To-day it's Mitchy who bundles, and I believe that, really, he bundled only yesterday. He turned in his people, and here we are."

"Here we are, here we are!" her friend more gravely echoed. "Well, it's splendid!"

As if at a note in his voice her eyes, while his own still strayed away, just fixed him. "Don't you think it's really rather exciting? Everything's ready, the feast all spread, and, with nothing to blunt our curiosity but the general knowledge that there will be people and things, we comfortably take our places." He answered nothing, though her picture apparently reached him. "There *are* people, there *are* things, and all in a plenty. Had every one, when you came away, turned up?" she asked as he was still silent.

"I dare say. There were some ladies and gentlemen on the terrace that I didn't know. But I looked only for you, and came this way on an indication of your mother's."

"And did she ask that if you should find me with Mr. Van with me you would make him come to her?"

Mr. Longdon replied to this with some delay, but without movement. "How could she have supposed he was here?"

"Since he had not yet been to the house? Oh, it has always been a wonder to me, the things that mamma supposes! I see she asked you," Nanda observed.

At this her old friend turned to her. "But it wasn't because of that I got rid of him."

Nanda hesitated. "No—you don't mind everything mamma says."

"I don't mind 'everything' anybody says: not even, my dear, when the person's you."

Again she waited an instant. "Not even when it's Mr. Van?"

Mr. Longdon candidly considered. "Oh, I take him up on all sorts of things."

"That shows then the importance they have for you. Is *he* like his grandmother?" the girl pursued. Then as her companion looked vague: "Wasn't it his grandmother too you knew?"

He had an extraordinary smile. "His mother." She exclaimed, coloring, on her mistake, and he added: "I'm not so bad as that. But you're none of you like them."

"Wasn't she pretty?" Nanda inquired.

"Very handsome. But it makes no difference. She herself, to-day, wouldn't know him."

She gave a small gasp. "His own mother wouldn't—?"

His head-shake just failed of sharpness. "No, nor he her. There's a link missing." Then as if, after all, she might take him too seriously, "Of course it's I," he more gently moralized, "who have lost the link in my sleep. I've slept half the century—I'm Rip Van Winkle." He went back, after a moment, to her question. "He's not, at any rate, like his mother."

Nanda turned it over. "Perhaps you wouldn't think so much of her now."

"Perhaps not. At all events my parting you from Mr. Vanderbank was my own idea."

"I wasn't thinking," Nanda said, "of your parting me. I was thinking of your parting yourself."

"I might have sent *you* to the house? Well," Mr. Longdon replied, "I find I take more and more the economical view of my pleasures. I run them less and less together—I get all I can out of each."

"So now you're getting all you can out of *me?*"

"All I can, my dear—all I can." He watched a little the flushed distance, then mildly broke out: "It *is*, as you said just now, exciting! But it makes me"—and he became abrupt again—"want you, as I've already told you, to come to *my* place. Not, however, that we may be still more mad together."

The girl, from the bench, shared his contemplation. "Do you call *this* madness?"

He hesitated. "You spoke of it yourself as excitement. You'll make, of course, one of your fine distinctions, but I take it, in my rough way, as a whirl. We're going round and round." In a minute he had folded his arms with the same closeness Vanderbank had used—in a minute he too was nervously shaking his foot. "Steady, steady; if we sit close we shall see it through. But come down to Suffolk for sanity."

"You do mean then that I may come alone?"

"I won't receive you, I assure you, on any other terms. I want to show you," he continued, "what life *can* give. Not, of course," he subjoined, "of this sort of thing."

"No—you've told me. Of peace."

"Of peace," said Mr. Longdon. "Oh, you don't know—you haven't the least idea. That's just why I want to show you."

Nanda looked as if already she saw it in the distance. "But will it be peace if I'm there? I mean for *you*," she added.

"It isn't a question of 'me.' Everybody's omelette is made of somebody's eggs. Besides, I think that when we're alone together—"

He had dropped for so long that she wondered. "Well, when we are—?"

"Why, it will be all right," he simply concluded. "Temples of peace, the ancients used to call them. We'll set up one, and I shall be at least doorkeeper. You will come down whenever you like."

She gave herself to him in her silence more than she could have done in words. "Have you arranged it with mamma?" she said, however, at last.

"I've arranged everything."

"*She* won't want to come?"

Her friend's laugh turned him to her. "Don't be nervous. There are things as to which your mother trusts me."

"But others as to which not."

Their eyes met for some time on this, and it ended in his saying: "Well, you must help me." Nanda, but without shrinking, looked away again, and Mr. Longdon, as if to consecrate their understanding by the air of ease, passed to another subject. "Mr. Mitchett's the most princely host."

"Isn't he too kind for anything? Do you know what he pretends?" Nanda went on. "He says, in the most extraordinary way, that he does it all for *me*."

"Takes this great place and fills it with servants and company—?"

"Yes, just so that I may come down for a Sunday or two. Of course he has only taken it for three or four weeks, but even for that time it's a handsome compliment. He doesn't care what he does. It's his way of amusing himself. He amuses himself at our expense," the girl continued.

"Well, I hope that makes up, my dear, for the rate at which we're doing so at his!"

"His amusement," said Nanda, "is to see us believe what he says."

Mr. Longdon thought a moment. "Really, my child, you're most acute."

"Oh, I haven't watched life for nothing! Mitchy doesn't care," she repeated.

Her companion seemed divided between a desire to draw and a certain fear to encourage her. "Doesn't care for what?"

She reflected an instant, in her seriousness, and it might have added to Mr. Longdon's impression of her depth. "Well, for himself. I mean for his money. For anything any one may think. For Lord Petherton, for instance, really at all. Lord Petherton thinks he has helped him—thinks, that is, that Mitchy thinks he has. But Mitchy's more amused at *him* than at anybody else. He takes every one in."

"Every one but you?"

"Oh, I like him."

"My poor child, you're of a profundity!" Mr. Longdon murmured.

He spoke almost uneasily, but she was not too much alarmed to continue lucid. "And he likes me, and I know just how much—and just how little. He's the most generous man in the world. It pleases him to feel that he's indifferent and splendid—there are so many things it makes up to him for." The old man listened with attention, and his young friend, conscious of it, proceeded as on ground of which she knew every inch. "He's the son, as you know, of a great bootmaker—'to all the Courts of Europe'—who left him a large fortune, which had been made, I believe, in the most extraordinary way, in building-speculations as well."

"Oh yes, I know. It's astonishing!" her companion sighed.

"That he should be of such extraction?"

"Well, everything. That you should be talking as you are—that you should have 'watched life,' as you say, to such purpose. That we should any of us be here—most of all that Mr. Mitchett himself should. That your grandmother's daughter should have brought *her* daughter—"

"To stay with a person"—Nanda took it up as, apparently out of delicacy, he fairly failed—"whose father used to take the measure, down on his knees on a little mat, as mamma says, of my grandfather's remarkably large foot? Yes, we none of us mind. Do you think we should?" Nanda asked.

Mr. Longdon turned it over. "I'll answer you by a question. Would you marry him?"

"Never." Then as if to show there was no weakness in her mildness, "Never, never, never," she repeated.

"And yet I dare say you know—?" But Mr. Longdon once more faltered; his scruple came uppermost. "You don't mind my speaking of it?"

"Of his thinking he wants to marry me? Not a bit. I positively enjoy telling you there's nothing in it."

"Not even for *him?*"

Nanda considered. "Not more than is made up to him by his having found out, through talk and things—which mightn't otherwise have occurred—that I do like him. I wouldn't have come down here if I hadn't."

"Not for any other reason?" Mr. Longdon gravely inquired.

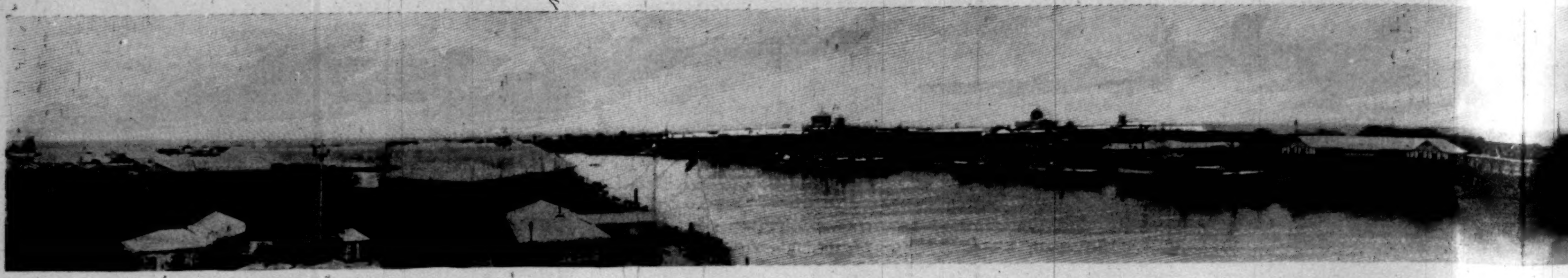
"Not for *your* being here, do you mean?"

He hesitated. "Me and other persons."

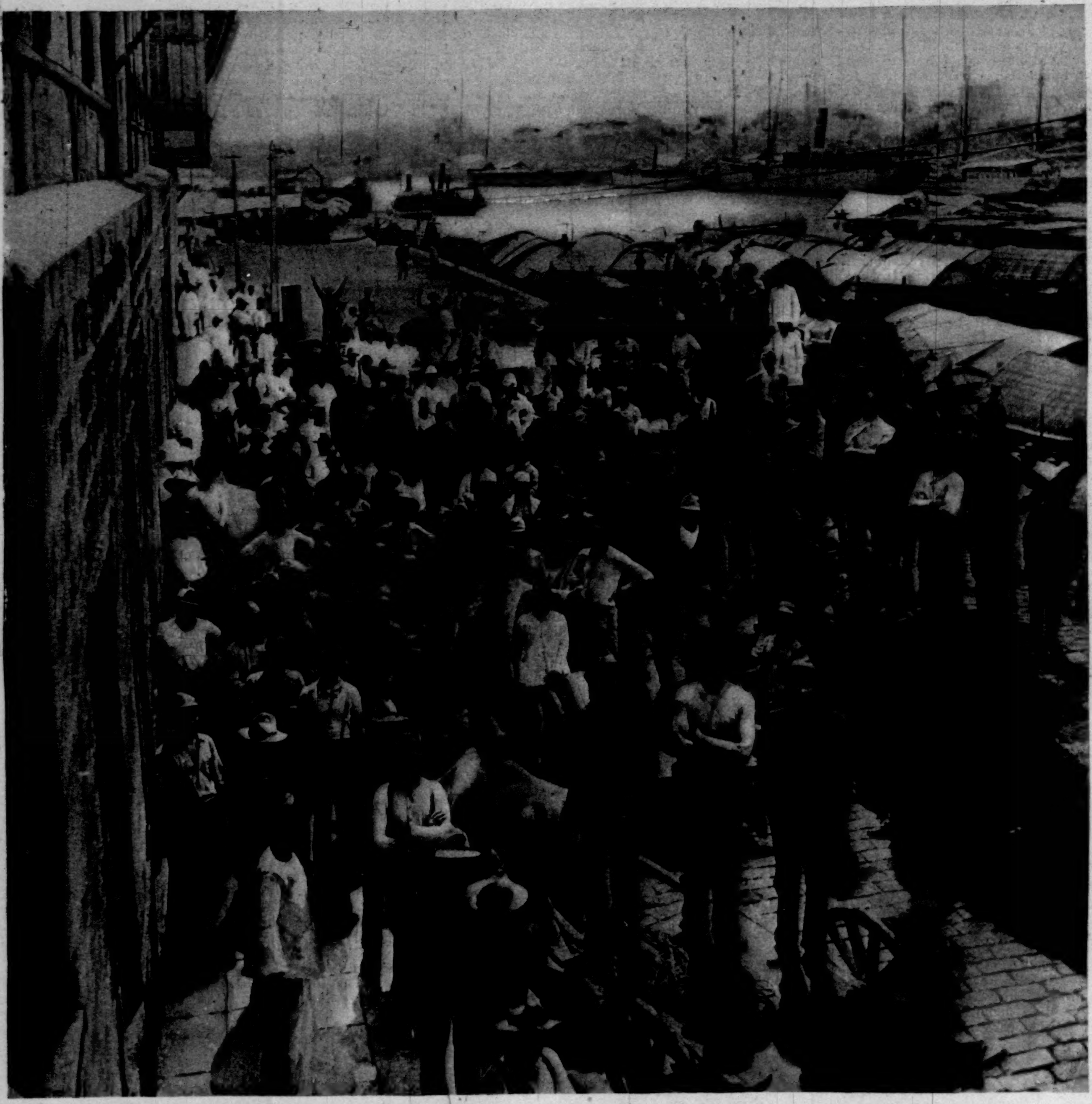
She showed somehow that she wouldn't flinch. "You weren't asked till after he had made sure I'd come. We've become, you and I," she smiled, "one of the couples who are invited together."

These were couples, his speculative eye seemed to show, he didn't even yet know about, and if he mentally took them up a moment it was only, promptly, to drop them. "I don't think you put it quite strong enough, you know."

"That Mitchy *is* hard hit? He puts it so strong himself that it will surely do for both of us. I'm a part of what I just spoke of—his indifference and magnificence. It's



PANORAMIC VIEW OF MANILA



WAITING FOR UNCLE SAM'S FOOD-SUPPLY—135,000 RATIONS ABOUT TO BE ISSUED.

INSURGENTS DRAWN UP IN CO

GENERAL MacARTHUR AND GENERA
CONSULTING WITH INSURG

IN THE AMERICAN TRENCHES—AW
OPEN FIRE.

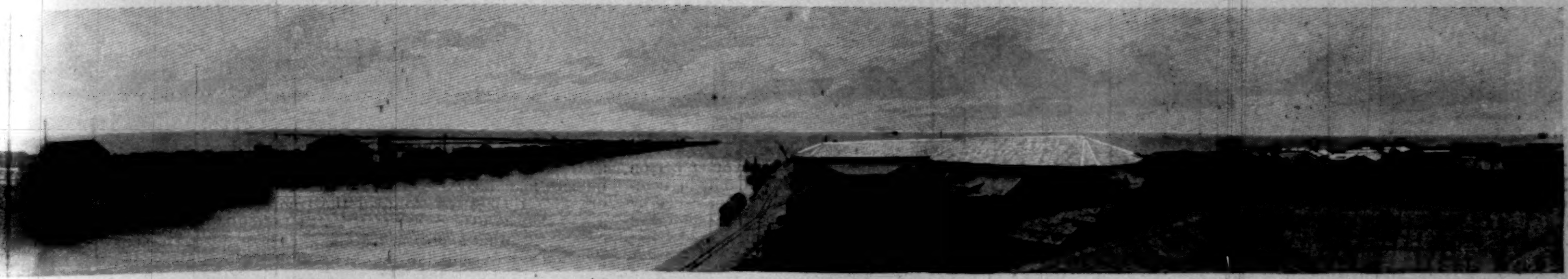
FIRST ADVANCE OF COMPANY I OF THE COLORADO REGIMENT THROUGH THE GRASS.

COLORADO BOYS KNEELING ON THE BEACH TO FIRE.

GUN WHICH DESTROYED SPANISH B

WITH OUR TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES—BEFO

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS RECEIVED FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS M

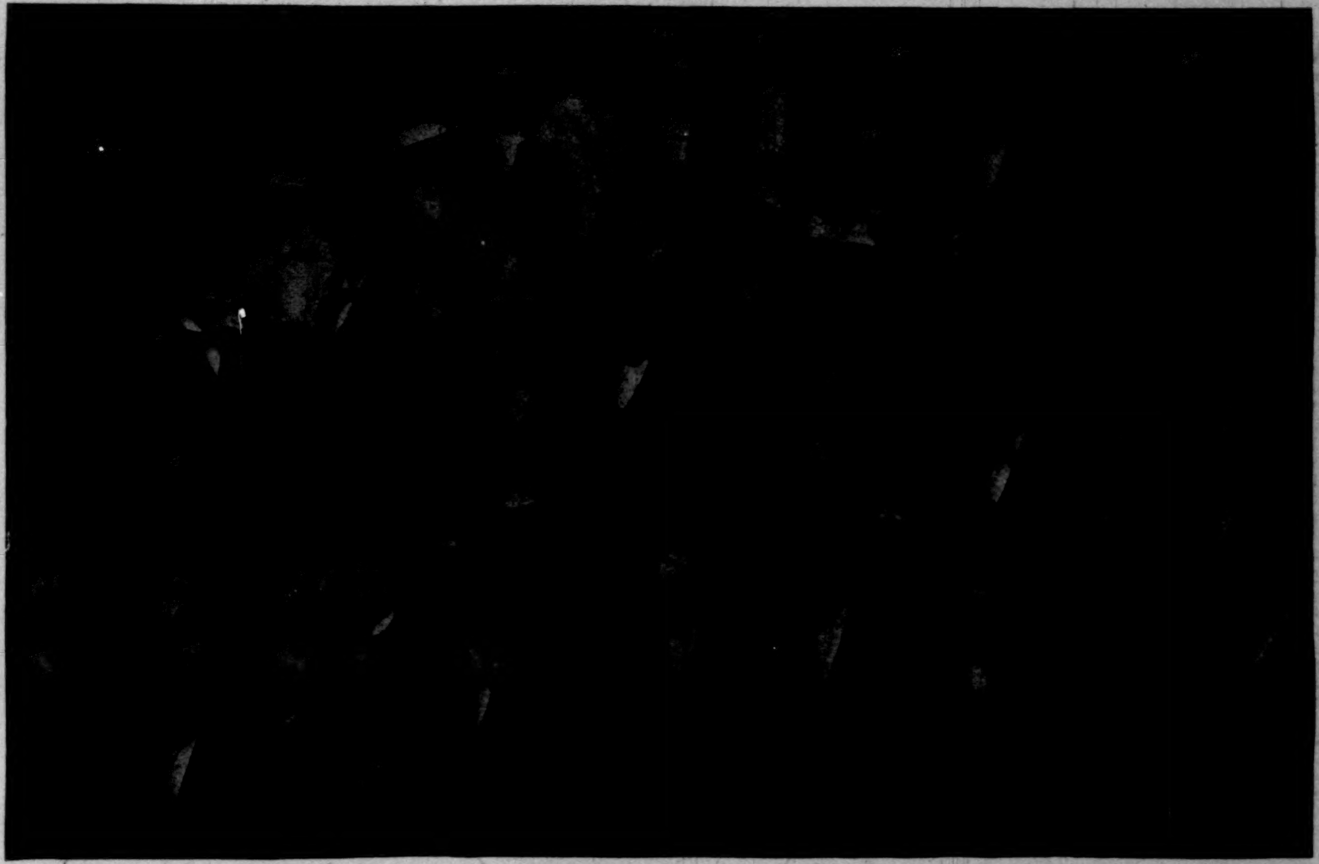


ANILA AND MANILA BAY.

IN COMPANY FORMATION.

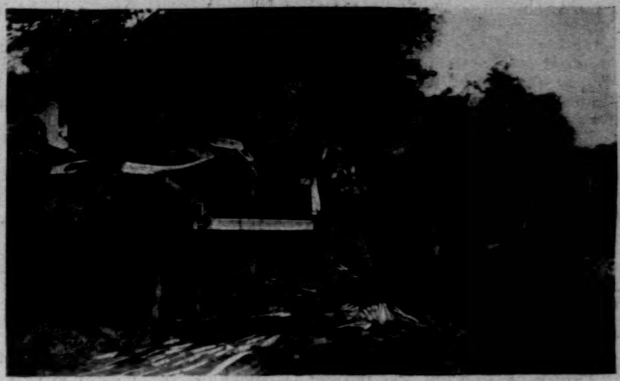
ENERAL HALE IN CARRIAGES
INSURGENT CHIEFS.

ES—AWAITING THE WORD TO
FIRE.



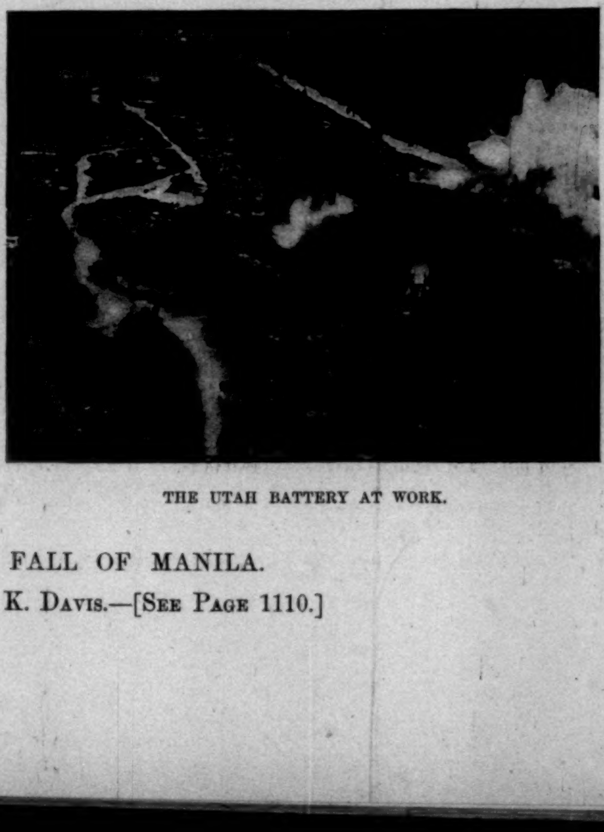
AGUINALDO AND SOME OF HIS CHIEF SUPPORTERS.

A REST BEHIND THE SPANISH TRENCHES.

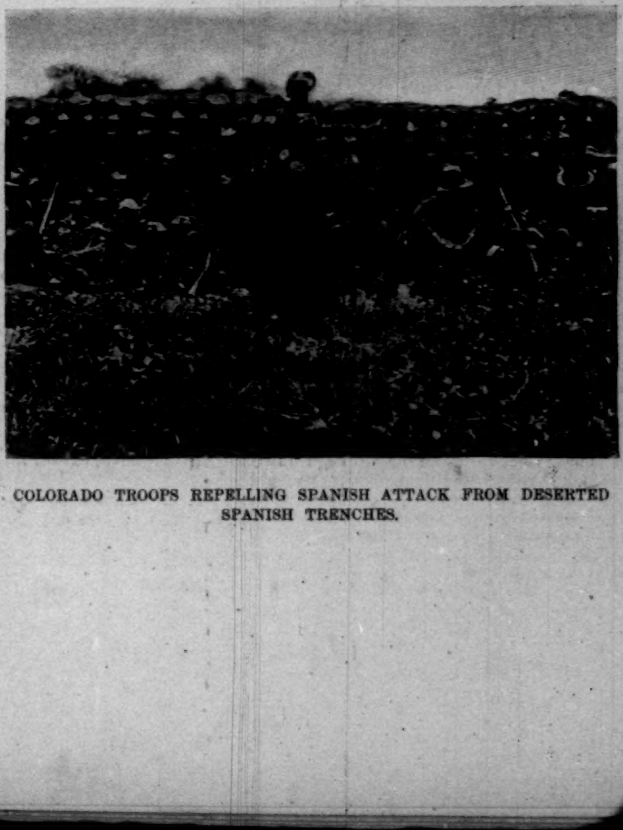


WATER-BUFFALO DRAGGING THE GUNS OF THE UTAH BATTERY INTO POSITION.

SH BLOCK-HOUSE NUMBER 14.



THE UTAH BATTERY AT WORK.



COLORADO TROOPS REPELLING SPANISH ATTACK FROM DESERTED SPANISH TRENCHES.

EFORE AND AFTER THE FALL OF MANILA.

S MESSRS. JOHN F. BASS AND O. K. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1110.]

as if he could only afford to do what's not vulgar. He might perfectly marry a Duke's daughter, but that *would* be vulgar—would be the absolute necessity and ideal of nine out of ten of the sons of shoemakers made ambitious by riches. Mitchy says 'No; I take my own line; I go in for a beggar-maid.' And it's only because I'm a beggar-maid that he wants me."

"But there are plenty of others," Mr. Longdon objected.

"Oh, I admit I'm the one he least dislikes. But if I had any money," Nanda went on, "or if I were really good-looking—for that to-day, the real thing, will do as well as being a Duke's daughter—he wouldn't come near me. And I think that ought to settle it. Besides, he must marry Aggie. She's a beggar-maid too—as well as an angel; so there's nothing against it."

Mr. Longdon stared, but even in his surprise seemed to take from the swiftness with which she made him move over the ground a certain agreeable glow. "Does 'Aggie' like him?"

"She likes every one. As I say, she's an angel—but a real, real, real one. The kindest man in the world is therefore the proper husband for her. If Mitchy wants to do something thoroughly nice," she declared with the same high competence, "he'll take her out of her situation, which is awful."

Mr. Longdon looked graver. "In what way awful?"

"Why, don't you know?" His eye was now cold enough to give her, in her chill, a flurried sense that she might displease him least by a graceful lightness. "The Duchess and Lord Petherton are like you and me."

"Is it a conundrum?" He was serious indeed.

"They're one of the couples who are invited together." But his face reflected so little success for her levity that it was in another tone she presently added: "Mitchy really oughtn't." Her friend, in silence, fixed his eyes on the ground; an attitude in which there was something to make her strike rather wild. "But, of course, kind as he is, he can scarcely be called particular. He has his ideas—he thinks nothing matters. He says it's the end of everything."

Mr. Longdon remained mute awhile, and when he at last raised his eyes it was without meeting Nanda's and with some dryness of manner. "The end of everything? One might easily receive that impression."

He again became mute, and there was a pause between them of some length, accepted by Nanda with an anxious stillness that it might have touched a spectator to observe. She sat there as if waiting for some further sign, only wanting not to displease her friend, yet unable to pretend, to play any part, and with something in her really that she couldn't take back now, something involved in her original assumption that there was to be a kind of intelligence in their relation. "I dare say," she said at last, "that I make allusions you don't like. But I keep forgetting."

He waited a moment longer, then turned to her with a look rendered a little strange by the way it happened to reach over his glasses. It was even austerer than before. "Keep forgetting what?"

She gave after an instant a faint, feeble smile which seemed to speak of helplessness, and which, when at rare moments it played in her face, was expressive from her positive lack of personal, superficial diffidence. "Well—I don't know." It was as if appearances became at times so complicated that—so far as helping others to understand was concerned—one could only give up.

"I hope you don't think I want you to be with me as you wouldn't be—as it were—with yourself. I hope you don't think I want you to be frank. If you were to try to *appear* to me anything—" He ended in simple sadness; that, for instance, would be so little what he should like.

"Anything different, you mean, from what I am? That's just what I've thought from the first. One's just what one *is*—isn't one? I don't mean so much," she went on, "in one's character or temper—for they have, haven't they? to be what's called 'properly controlled'—as in one's mind and what one sees and feels and the sort of thing one notices." Nanda paused an instant; then "There you are!" she simply but rather desperately brought out.

Mr. Longdon considered this with visible intensity. "What you suggest is that the things you speak of depend upon other people?"

"Well, every one isn't so beautiful as you." Nanda had met him with promptitude, yet no sooner had she spoken than she appeared again to encounter a difficulty. "But there it is—my just saying even that. Oh, how I always know—as I've told you before—whenever I'm different! I can't ask you to tell me the things Granny *would* have said, because that's simply arranging to keep myself back from you, and so being nasty and underhand, which you naturally don't want, nor I either. Nevertheless when I say the things she wouldn't, then I put before you too much—too much for your liking it—what I know and see and feel. If we're both partly the result of other people, *her* other people were so different." The girl's sensitive boldness kept it up, but there was something in her that pleaded for patience. "And yet if she had *you*, so I've got you too. It's the flattery of that, or the sound of it, I know, that must be so unlike her. Of course it's awfully like mother; yet it isn't as if you hadn't already let me see—is it?—that you don't really think me the same." Again she stopped a minute, as if to find her way with him; and again, for the time, he gave no sign. She struck out again, with her strange, cool limpidity: "Granny wasn't the kind of girl she *couldn't* be—and so neither am I."

Mr. Longdon had fallen while she talked into something that might have been taken for a conscious temporary submission to her; he had uncrossed his fidgety legs, and thrusting them out with the feet together, sat looking very hard before him, his chin sunk on his breast and his hands, clasped as they met, rapidly twirling their thumbs. So he remained for a time that might have given his young friend the sense of having made herself right with him so far as she had been wrong. He still had all her attention, just as previously she had had his, but while he now simply gazed and thought, she watched him with a discreet solicitude that would almost have represented him as a near relative whom she supposed unwell. At the end he looked round, and then, obeying some impulse that had gathered in her while they sat mute, she put out to him the tender hand she might have offered to a sick child. They had been talking about frankness, but she showed a frankness in this instance that made him perceptibly color. For that, in turn, however, he responded only the more completely, taking her hand and holding it, keeping it a long minute during which their eyes met and something seemed to clear up that had been too obscure to be dispelled by words. Finally he brought out as if, though it was what he had been thinking of, her gesture had most determined him: "I wish immensely you'd get married!"

His tone betrayed so special a meaning that the words had a sound of suddenness; yet there was always in Nanda's face that odd preparedness of the young person who has unlearned surprise through the habit, in company, of studiously not compromising her innocence by blinking at things said. "How *can* I?" she asked, but appearing rather to take up the proposal than to put it by.

"Can't you, *can't* you?" He spoke pressingly and kept her hand. She shook her head slowly, markedly; on which he continued. "You don't do justice to Mr. Mitchy." She said nothing, but her look was there, and it made him resume: "Impossible?"

"Impossible." At this, letting her go, Mr. Longdon got up; he pulled out his watch. "We must go back." She had risen with him, and they stood face to face in the faded light while he slipped the watch away. "Well, that doesn't make me wish it any less."

"It's lovely of you to wish it, but I shall be one of the people who don't. I shall be at the end," said Nanda, "one of those who haven't."

"No, my child," he returned gravely—"you shall never be anything so sad."

"Why not—if you've been?"

He looked at her a little, quietly; then, putting out his hand, passed her own into his arm. "Exactly because I have."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FILIPINO REPUBLIC.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Palace of Malacanan, Manila, *September 16, 1898.*

It is only four months and a half since Aguinaldo and a few chosen followers were brought by Admiral Dewey from Hong-kong and landed at Cavité. The insurrection, which had been suspended by the treaty at Bíacnabató on December 14, 1897, when Aguinaldo agreed with the Spanish to cease hostilities on the payment of $600,000 and on the promise of certain reforms, was now encouraged into new life by the presence of the young leader, by the news that only one-third of the stipulated amount had been paid, and by the knowledge that none of the promised reforms had been executed. About 2500 rifles, a large amount of small-arms ammunition, several large ships' guns, one converted Krupp gun, and various smaller modern pieces, with a considerable amount of powder and projectiles, were handed over to Aguinaldo at Cavité, and he was able, without delay, to form the nucleus of an effective force, which increased, as the days passed, by constant accretion, until in a month he commanded nearly ten thousand men. Encouraged by the friendly attitude of Admiral Dewey, irritated by the faithless promises of the Spaniards, and harboring the implacable hatred of their oppression and the thirst for revenge characteristic of their race, the natives began the campaign with great vigor, and continued it with such persistence that in a few short weeks they had completely invested Manila, and had so harassed the enemy by their barbaric methods of fighting and their restless activity that the effectiveness of the Spanish troops was largely diminished and their spirit much broken. Admiral Dewey undoubtedly acted according to his best judgment in fanning into consuming flame the embers of the insurrection, which had been smouldering for months; but it is easier to start a fire than it is to control it, and subsequent events have proved that the insurgent factor in the problem of the Philippines has become, through this act, a most annoying and difficult one to deal with. Given its head, the insurrectionist party has taken the bit in its teeth, and now rushes on regardless of curb or rein, full of conscious pride in its own youthful strength, with little or no gratitude for the material aid which made its existence a possibility, believing, in its ignorance, that the civilized world is ready to acknowledge the revolutionary government, which has just been established, as a power to which may be intrusted the future of Micronesia. This conceit, which, like the spirit of revenge, is one of the dominant characteristics of every human being who has a taint of Malay blood in his veins, is somewhat modified in its influence by the counsels of a few experienced and educated Filipinos who have travelled abroad, who are somewhat familiar with the history of other revolutions, and who recognize the fact that the peace and prosperity of the archipelago can only be maintained through the assistance of some strong governing power from outside. The reasons are simple. The population is not homogeneous; language, customs, type, differ in the various provinces, and the local jealousies and antagonisms, cherished for centuries, can only be smothered by the controlling influence of foreigners who ignore all these differences, and whose judgment is not swayed by the petty or unworthy motives which undoubtedly direct the action of most of the leaders among the natives. Thus the insurrectionist party, while combining vigorously and, in a sense, loyally to eradicate every trace of Spanish domination in the islands, is not fully harmonious, but is divided into two camps, one professing full and complete faith in the ability of the natives to govern themselves, and declaring their resolve to submit to no foreign interference, and the other eager to welcome a foreign protectorate which will secure to the islands a good government, leaving to the future to decide whether the natives are capable of sufficient development to govern themselves without outside control.

It is little short of marvellous how rapidly the insurrection has gained ground in this short time, and how extensive and successful the operations of the army have been. Although they never could have taken Manila, even with the Spanish fleet destroyed and the port blockaded, except through the slow process of rigorous investment and by cutting off all supplies, still the insurgents managed in a very few weeks to besiege and capture numerous small Spanish positions in the provinces, and they completely overran the whole island of Luzon, together with seven adjacent islands, and at the present date hold possession of every foot of this territory except one Spanish post at Albay in the province of the same name. By gift, by purchase, by the desertion of the native volunteers, and by the capture of Spanish troops, they have acquired about 35,000 rifles of the Mauser and the Remington pattern, with plenty of ammunition for present use. With the money they have taken from the convents, and by the income which they derive from taxation of the natives, they have been able to feed their soldiers, to make notable additions to their armament in the shape of rifles and modern machine-guns, and are now working diligently to organize their army, to drill the troops, and to make a showing as a regularly constituted revolutionary government. So far as can be learned, they have not yet paid the men the six pesos ($3 in gold or $6 in Mexican money) promised them for their monthly wages. But the natives, as long as they are fairly well housed and fed, seem to be contented enough, and, judging from what they say, they live in the expectation of full remuneration for their services when the government is finally established. The support of the army thus far has been a comparatively easy matter; what it will be when the organization is complete and strict discipline prevails—if it ever reaches that point—is another question. The natives composing the forces around Manila were made up from volunteers from the town and its immediate vicinity. Almost every male above the age of sixteen years bore a rifle, and took his duty at the front in regular turn. Very often a man would be seen peddling fruit in our camp at Tambo in the morning, and in the afternoon would be observed on his way to the lines, rifle in hand, and perhaps accompanied by his wife and children, who strolled along, chatting as gayly as if they were on the way to a picnic. A continuous string of armed boys and men was always on the move, morning and evening, between the villages and the front, and they carried on the campaign in the most light-hearted and agreeable manner possible. They never showed themselves to the enemy, and many of them probably never saw a Spanish soldier during the siege. The country is a maze of bamboo hedges, rice-fields, and sugar-cane plantations, and the natives occupied every bunch of bamboos and every thicket, popping away into the landscape in the direction of the Spanish fire, usually keeping up an irregular and very annoying fusillade all night long. Where the lines came very close together, as they did at block-house No. 14, the strongest Spanish position, a few hundred yards east of Fort San Antonio Abad, on the sea-shore at Malate, and at block-house No. 1, north of Manila, the insurgent rifle-pits and barricades were completely masked by the dense growth in front, and the large guns they used at both these places were so badly served that they never succeeded in hitting the block-houses once, although they fired more than 200 shells at a range of not over 200 yards. Part of this bad practice was doubtless due to the masked position of these guns.

The food of the common natives is always of the simplest order; a little boiled rice, which they eat off a plantain leaf, and for a luxury a bit of fish or fowl, and perhaps some boiled egg-plant or hulled Indian corn, is all they expect or get. At the front they were accustomed to play with their rifles in the morning until about eleven o'clock, and then, as if by common consent, firing would cease on both sides, and the men would stroll a few hundred yards to the rear, where the women prepared the rice in large kettles, and every man had his share. The swamps are full of frogs and mud-fish, and the groves bear plenty of fruit, so hunger was cheaply and effectively satisfied. They carried no water-bottles, and, indeed, did not seem to suffer from thirst, as they were seldom seen to drink, except at the huts, where rain-water was kept in large earthen jars. No regular troops could move with the ease or the speed these native soldiers did whenever necessary to change their positions. They had no supply-trains, carried no tents, blankets, ponchos, or haversacks. A few *carromatos*, or native two-wheeled covered spring-carts, seemed to carry all the spare ammunition for each detachment, and this was all they seemed to care about. A campaign against troops like these is no easy task, as the Spanish found out, to their cost, and as any other foreign troops would soon discover if they attempted it.

Their facility of movement and their indifference to hardships which would be unendurable to other troops have made the conquest of Luzon a speedy and easy matter to the insurgents. It was in this conquest that the independent spirit of the different leaders has been shown, and it was only after the successes gained by other generals that Aguinaldo began to appreciate the fact that, while the commander-in-chief in name, he was, in the opinion of many of his generals, only a partner in the enterprise. For example, General Macabulus, a young man of about thirty years, has raised an army and has taken possession of three of the richest provinces in the northwest. Aguinaldo proposed, not long ago, to send Macabulus to another part of the island. Suspecting that he was to be freed from his command on account of his popularity in the north, he refused to go, saying his provinces would have to be conquered by Aguinaldo before he would leave them. A few days later he forwarded to Aguinaldo, as a guarantee of good faith in the cause of the insurrection, the sum of $35,000 in cash. This was since the young commander-in-chief moved his headquarters from Bacoor, in the province of Cavité, to Malolos, in the province of Bulacan, about twenty-five miles north of Manila, where the revolutionary government was formally organized yesterday. The action of Macabulus is not unique. Several other prominent leaders openly refuse to recognize the absolute authority of Aguinaldo, each of them refusing to submit to his dictatorship any further than is compatible with his own personal interests. Aguinaldo's power seems to be chiefly among the lowest class of natives, who have a superstitious veneration for him that is quite inexplicable. They believe that he bears a charmed life, and that no bullet or knife of the enemy can injure him. Not only do they wear on their chest in battle representations of religious symbols rudely drawn on cotton cloth, and carry in their mouths bits of parchment or paper with similar designs drawn in pencil in a magic circle (they call these charms *ang-ting ang-ting*), but they even carry Aguinaldo's name as a fetich. There are many stories told among them of bullets glancing from his unprotected body and of his superhuman powers. This superstition concerning the young leader prevails, I am inclined to believe, only among the Tagals, for when I was on an excursion recently, a hundred and twenty-five miles north of Manila, I found no one who would hear Aguinaldo's name without an expression of disgust, and everybody seemed to regard him as a fraud. The natives were Ilocans, and devoted to Macabulus.

For some time it had been common report that insurgents were going to have a formal assembly of the delegates to the revolutionary government at Malolos, and, so far as could be learned from those of the leaders who came to Manila, the date for the ceremony of opening the congress was fixed two or three times. At last I received definite information that it was to take place at Malolos on the 15th. Accordingly I accepted the invitation of Mr. H. L. Higgins, the manager of the Manila-Dagupan Railway, to accompany him with one of Aguinaldo's secretaries, and we left on a special train at seven o'clock in the morning, reaching Malolos in about an hour and a half. The town, which is chiefly noted for its large convent and churches, and also as the centre of the manufacture of *nipa* thatch, which is sent from this place by water all over the island, is a long straggling assemblage of huts and houses a mile or so from the railway, and, together with the adjoining large village of Barasoain, numbers perhaps thirty or forty thousand people. The long narrow road was very gay with natives, as we drove at a rattling pace in a country *carromato*, along with a score of others, almost as heavily loaded down with human freight as the *corricoli* in Naples. From the first humble *nipa* hut to the great square where the convent stands thousands of insurgent flags fluttered from every window and every post. Many of them were of home manufacture, with printed blue and red calico stripes; many of them were lacking the Malay sun and the three stars in the white triangle, but the general symbol of red, white, and blue was there all the same, and the proud occupants of the lowliest huts did their best with palm leaves and flowers to give a support of festive appearance to their cherished banner. On either side of the road, in true Filipino taste, was a line of bamboo posts with fringes whittled out at each joint, and swags of bamboo and rattan connecting the uprights so as to form a continuous border of rude but effective decoration. In front of these bamboo structures, which gave room for people to pass between them and the wattled fences, was a line of infantrymen, all armed and well dressed, mostly in captured Spanish uniforms. Every man had an insurgent tricolor cockade on his Spanish hat, and all but a very few of them were barefooted. The bridge over the river between Barasoain and Malolos was packed with people, and the hundreds of *bancas* laden with *nipa* thatch, which completely hid the water of the small stream, were swarming with white-clad natives, all eagerly watching the road. We passed on rapidly between the lines of soldiers and under a great bamboo triumphal arch into the convent yard, where a fine military band was playing under the shade of immense mango-trees. Just as we were alighting there appeared a party of twenty or more Spanish priests under a strong guard of insurgents, who paraded them off in triumph through the crowd. The priests were all dressed in black and carried black umbrellas, with which some of them managed to conceal their faces, for they apparently did not relish the performance. Those we could see were unshaven and unkempt, and not very charitable-looking individuals, but they were all fat and well fed enough, and gave the lie to the report that the insurgents are maltreating the Spanish priests they have captured. One of the officers at Malolos told me there were sixty priests at work on the roads not far away, but they were just as well off as any other prisoners.

We were soon informed that Aguinaldo would receive us, so we followed the secretary up the broad stairs of the convent, through a long wide corridor, always between lines of infantrymen, meeting on our way a score of generals and high officials, some of them in *khaki* uniforms, some of them in Spanish blue linen, and certain dignitaries in full evening dress. Ushered into a large salon, hideous with the usual Hispano-Filipino-painted decoration and glittering with mirrors, we were offered chairs, of which there was a large choice, from elaborately carved and gilded hideosities to the simple Viennese bent-wood cane-bottomed variety, and we sat for some time, while there was a continual coming and going, with great formality, through a door on the right. Our turn arriving, we were ushered into a small square antechamber where three bent-wood chairs were arranged in a formal row in front of two others, We were asked to make ourselves comfortable in the three chairs. A box of fresh Manila cigars of large size, ostentatiously wrapped in tin-foil, and with a specially large and highly ornamental band, was handed us to select from, and while we were lighting up, a small individual, in full evening black suit and flowing black tie, presented himself before us. Never having seen the gentleman before in civilian's dress, I did not for a moment recognize him, but was struck at once by the Chinese cast of his head and features. An instant later I saw, of course, it was Aguinaldo, and we all three sat down, after a hand-shake, and begin our chat. Nothing worth recording was said; for the young man, who is not a very good Spanish scholar, and does not, even when he wishes to talk, express himself in very choice Castilian, had evidently made up his mind not to commit himself to any statement which could be quoted later. After a half-hour's conversation he affably gave us permission to attend the congress, and we took our leave, much as if we were retiring from the presence of royalty. This because the others we saw went through a still more formal withdrawal, and we did not wish to offend the susceptibilities of the natives. At the interview Aguinaldo's manner was quite irreproachable, but his personality decidedly unimpressive. His mental characteristics, so far as they could be observed, are in no degree unusual. He has the keen cunning of the half-bred native, much of the astuteness of the Chinaman, and the personal vanity and light mental calibre of the Filipino. Altogether this interview, which was under rather exceptional conditions, it must be recorded, left me with the impression that the now famous leader, so far as concerns the real direction of affairs in the revolutionary government, is little more than a tool in the hands of active and more or less reliable advisers. Many of those about him that day had evidently more mental capacity, were certainly better educated than he is, and easily his superior in the external qualities, at least, which distinguish leaders amongst men. Nothing that he did on the occasion of the opening of the congress, and nothing he has since done, has caused me to modify this opinion; but it has rather become more firmly fixed, and the impression has become, indeed, more convincing.

At the large basilica of Barasoain we found a large number of the delegates already assembled, and the guards drawn up to receive the expected cortége of the President and his suite. The bald interior of the church was sparsely relieved by crossed palm leaves and wreaths fastened to the columns which divide the nave from the aisles, and on the great bare spaces between the windows. In the middle of the nave were two rows of bent-wood chairs; on either side and behind these, in the aisles, were seats and benches for spectators. To the left of the chancel a long table, draped with blue and red, was arranged for the secretaries, and opposite it were special seats for invited guests, and in the front one next to the chancel rail we were assigned our places. The chancel was hung with a great white drapery, rudely painted to represent ermine, and a broad border of red cloth with palm leaves and wreaths framed in this curtain. Crossed insurgent flags ornamented the pilasters on each side, and in the middle of the chancel, under the imitation ermine, was a long table draped with light blue and crimson, and behind this three large carved chairs. While we were waiting for the functionaries to arrive, we had an excellent opportunity of studying those who had come from all over the island to assist in the foundation of a republic—for this was their professed purpose. Every man was dressed in full black costume of more or less fashionable cut, according to his means or his tastes. Many of them wore full evening dress, some of them had silk hats of quaint shape and well-worn nap, others bowlers of the season of 1890, but all, to a man, were in black. It was a sweltering hot day, too, and they suffered for their adherence to the etiquette of the new Filipino government. But statesmen all do have to suffer in hot weather, if one may take as true the definition of the difference between a statesman and a politician which is that a statesman always wears a buttoned-up black frock-coat, and a politician a sack-coat or a cut-away, or any coat he likes. That difference came to my mind at once when I saw these statesmen fanning themselves vigorously with their hats, and just behind them the natives, politicians all of them, in cool, almost diaphanous, garments, with their shirts worn as the Russians and Chinese wear theirs. Such types as there were among these statesmen! Such queer-shaped heads, such a mixture of distinct racial characteristics in the features of many, such unmistakable lines of pure Indian breed in the profiles of others! All were dark-skinned and with strong-growing black hair; scarcely a sign of the frost of age showed on the head of any delegate. Few among them would have escaped notice in a crowd, for they were exceptionally alert, keen, and intelligent in appearance, and, as a mass, much superior to the native as one sees him in ordinary life. I will not be sure, however, that the dress was not a little responsible for the impression they made on me. Possibly they would not have looked so distinguished if they had worn their shirts *à la Russe*.

At last, to the sound of the national march, the delegates moved in a body to the door and then back again, divided, and then Aguinaldo, looking very undersized and very insignificant, came marching down, bearing an ivory stick with gold head and gold cord and tassels. A group of tall, fine-looking generals and one or two dignitaries in black accompanied him, and half surrounded him as they walked along. Mounting the chancel steps, Aguinaldo took the middle seat behind the table, the Acting Secretary of the Interior took the place on his right, and a general occupied the carved chair on his left. Without any formal calling to order, the secretary rose and read the list of delegates, and sat down again. Then Aguinaldo stood up, and after the feeble *vivas* had ceased, took a paper from his pocket, and in a low voice, without gestures and without emphasis, and in the hesitating manner of a schoolboy, read his message in the Tagalog language. Only once was he interrupted by *vivas*, and that was when he alluded to the three great free nations — England, France, and America — as worthy models for imitation. He next read a purported translation in Spanish with even more difficulty, and when he had finished there was quite a round of cheers, proposed and led by the veteran general Buencamino, for the President, the republic, the victorious army, and for the town of Malolos. Then Aguinaldo arose and declared the meeting adjourned until it should reassemble prepared to elect officers and to organize in the regular manner. The long-talked-of and ever-memorable function was over.

Aguinaldo's message has never, to my knowledge, been printed in Tagalog, but any one slightly familiar with that language could readily understand that his sentiments were more fully declared than those which were handed around as his message printed in the Spanish language, or at least differently expressed. General Merritt issued his proclamation in three languages. Many of the delegates at the congress were only moderately familiar with Spanish, and it is a common thing for the Filipino newspapers to print in both Tagalog and Spanish, but their reports of the congress contained the Spanish version only. I supposed at the time that I was the only foreign correspondent present, but later I discovered another, whom I did not distinguish at first as a foreigner. He was the correspondent of the Japanese papers, the *Chingaishógioshimpó*, the *Jijishimpó*, and the *Taiwannichinichishinbun*.

Since its opening, the congress has done little of importance to the outside world. The well-known and universally esteemed lawyer Cayetano Arellano has been at last brought into the councils, and has been chosen Minister of Foreign Affairs. His influence has brought about a much better feeling towards the Americans, with whom a few days ago there was every prospect of an encounter. He is the leader of the party in favor of a protectorate, and under his salutary advice and wise arguments many of the leaders are modifying their views about full independence. Aguinaldo himself, although he is known to be one of the most earnest champions of the anti-protectorates, has come out with several verbose manifestoes, protesting that he loves and respects the Americans and considers them the friends of the Filipinos. But not one word has he or any of them yet said in public acknowledging the assistance given their cause by the action of Admiral Dewey or by the landing of the American army. They seem to be unable to recover from the disappointment of being balked in their plan of occupying Manila. Two weeks ago Aguinaldo was continuing to claim from the American authorities his share in the booty captured in Manila, and until General Otis wrote a decisive answer to all his claims on the 8th instant, and demanded that he should withdraw his troops from the suburbs before the 15th, he did not cease to reiterate his assumptions that he was the joint occupant of the town with the American commander.

The story of the evacuation of the suburbs by the insurgent troops on the 14th is already an old one, and there was nothing in the event worth noting in detail. Aguinaldo has denied that he ever received a demand to evacuate, but insists that General Otis withdrew his demand and substituted a request. This I know to be false, for the letter which is referred to contained only an acknowledgment of the visit of commissioners, and a request to Aguinaldo to attend carefully to their report of General Otis's views, which remained unchanged after sending the ultimatum. The mistake of allowing the insurgents to occupy the suburbs on the 13th of August, and to hold the water-works, which they still control, has caused much trouble and inconvenience and some loss of life. Besides, it put the American army in the humiliating position of being besieged in Manila by the very forces whom they had used as allies—a humiliation which the troops will not soon forget. F. D. Millet.

AGUINALDO ARRIVES.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

There was a great mystery about the coming of Aguinaldo to Malolos. No one knew how or when he would arrive. It might be on horseback, in a carriage, or by train, and at any hour. The personal safety of the President required that he should take some care in the matter of travelling. So the people waited, standing aimlessly about and saying nothing.

The convent swarmed with young fellows connected with the civil government or with the army. They strutted about in all sorts of uniform and in no uniform, looked pleased with themselves, and were happy. The average Tagalog is a ready chap in certain ways. He puts on his hat, for instance, and is prepared for a six months' campaign. He comes to town in civilian dress, plain white clothes, and finds the occasion one of military show. He tucks his trousers into his boot-tops, pins a strip of gilt and black across his coat sleeve, sticks a couple of stars on his shoulders, and he is an officer in full uniform. It's as simple as getting into jail under Spanish rule.

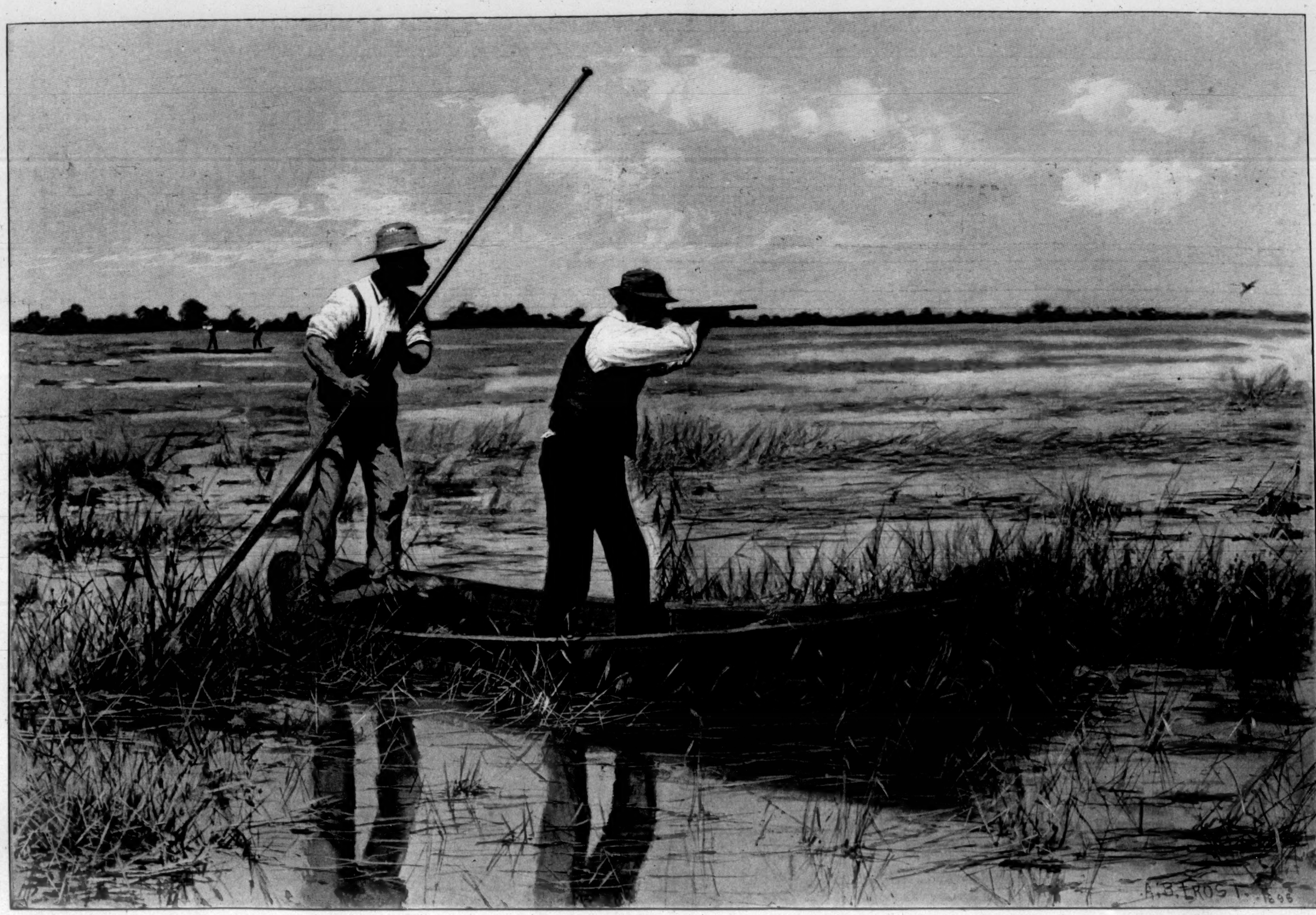
The young men of the staff and the civil government sat down to tiffin in the big dining-room, fifty of them at one table, and Spaniards whom they had taken prisoners served them, still wearing their Spanish uniforms. Just as the meal was finished some one announced that Aguinaldo was coming. They spoke of him as "Ma Aguinaldo." A telegram had come from the next station toward Manila saying that the President's special train had just left. The young men, some of whom were jingling with swords and spurs, jumped up and ran to the windows overlooking the court-yard. The convent bells began to ring vehemently. People poured out of all the streets and swarmed into the yard at the signal. Bugles sounded up side streets, and presently soldiers appeared at the four corners of the yard.

Then there was a flourish of trumpets down the street; the sound of horses' hoofs reached the convent over the buzz of the crowd. There was a shout down by the big gate, and then around the corner and over the bridge dashed a dozen horsemen, officers of the Filipino army, with swords drawn. A company of soldiers was quickly thrown along the broad path from the gate to the convent. They lined both sides, and just as the horsemen reached the gate came to a present. Behind the little group of officers came half a squadron of hard-riding Filipino cavalry. The horses were covered with mud and foam, but the men were erect, sturdy, and bright-eyed. Their carbines were slung on their backs, with bayonets fixed, and from every bayonet there flew a little Filipino flag.

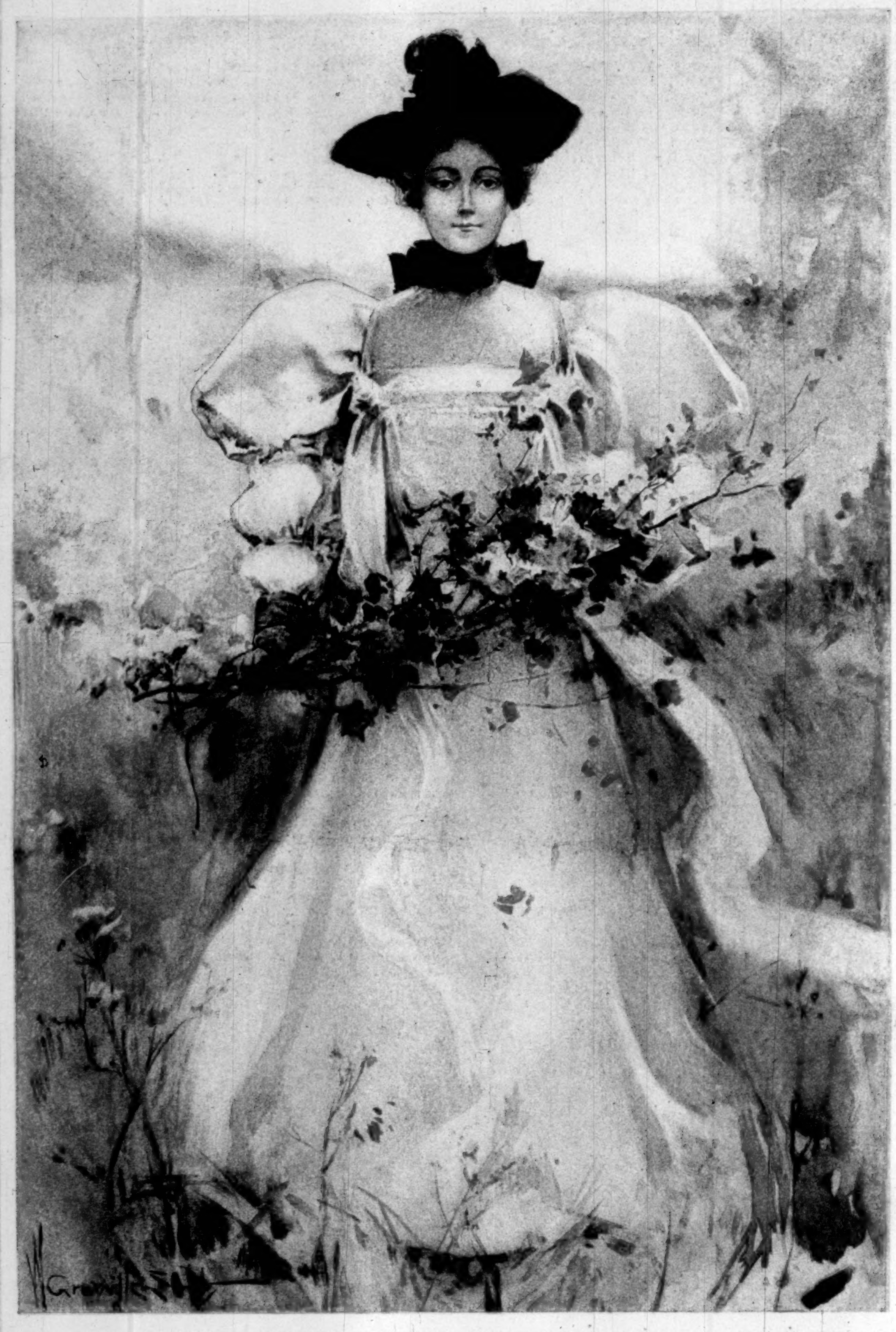
Then came Aguinaldo, in a closed carriage, with three of his generals. Two white horses, with long manes and tails, hauled the carriage, and they came at a full run. The carriage was surrounded by mounted officers with drawn swords, and the whole cavalcade charged through the convent yard at top speed, and halted in front of the main entrance to the building with a jerk. The stolid guards who lined the broad pathway never stirred as their commander-in-chief flashed by.

Behind Aguinaldo came the bands, playing stirring marches, and the soldiers, four full companies of them. They marched into the yard, and the people crowded about them. Under the heavy shade of four or five giant caballero-trees Aguinaldo's subjects waited to hear what he might say to them. They were a picturesque crowd. Brilliant reds and yellows and greens and blues marked the dresses of the women. The men were mostly in white, but here and there among them a black coat stood out sharply in contrast. Their bright eager faces, brown as old copper, with sparkling black eyes, were all upturned toward the convent windows. More than four thousand of them were jammed together in the throng that stood under the great caballeros.

Aguinaldo jumped quickly out of his carriage as it stopped at the convent door—slight of stature, lithe and agile, a very military figure in his new khaki uniform and white helmet. He skipped nimbly up stairs, and presently, with some of his councillors, appeared at the window. The crowd that had cheered a little when he came in gave another shout at this sight of him, and then one of the councillors spoke. The speech was in Tagalog, and it was full of nice things about the people, their loyalty to and suffering for the cause, the achievements they had won, the glory that would be theirs, the greatness of their leader and his devotion to their common cause. It wound up with a call for *vivas* for Aguinaldo and liberty, and then I heard how Filipinos can yell. They would make a notable impression on a football field. The crowd which had listened with absolute silence turned itself loose at the word, and filled the air with its shouts. There was a response from one of the local dignitaries standing in the crowd. Then Aguinaldo disappeared from the window, the bands played the Filipino national air, and the great home-coming of the King was over. Oscar King Davis.


A. B. FROST. 1896

RAIL-SHOOTING.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.



"AUTUMN LEAVES."

FROM A PAINTING
BY W. GRANVILLE SMITH.

THE brilliancy of the autumnal foliage lasts but a short season at most; when the biting frost has completed its work, the trees shed their dead and lustreless leaves and wait for nature to clothe them anew.

So with our garments; unless protected they must be discarded at the end of the season, not worn out, but ruined by the biting alkalies of common soaps and soap powders.

You can protect your clothing and secure from it an extra season's wear by requiring your laundress to use only IVORY SOAP.

IVORY SOAP IS 99 44/100 PER CENT. PURE.

Copyright, 1897, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

Any person wishing a copy of this picture may mail to us 10 Ivory Soap Wrappers, on receipt of which, we will send a copy (without printing) on enamel plate paper, 14 x 17 inches, a suitable size for framing. THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI, O.

IN THE SECOND HALF—U. OF PENN. NEARING CHICAGO'S GOAL.

CHICAGO BLOCKS U. OF PENN. WHILE HERSCHBERGER KICKS.

AMATEUR · SPORT

This Department went to press this week on Friday, November 4, 1898.

THE INCONCLUSIVE RESULTS in the team finals of the inter-collegiate golf meeting call attention again to the need of new legislation on the question of scoring. Team matches are a modern innovation, and the present system of scoring, according to the aggregate of holes won, came into use simply because it was the logical outcome of the craze for medal play. When the Englishmen took up golf ten years or more ago they proceeded to develop it along the lines of medal play, to the unbounded indignation of the old crusted Scottish school of golfers. The record of the course, rather than the winning of matches (by hole play), became the ultimate object of the players' endeavor, and everything had to be adjusted to this virtually numerical standard. Naturally, then, when team matches came into vogue the struggle resolved itself into scoring the largest possible number of points (aggregate holes), and the results of individual matches became a matter of comparative indifference.

IT COULD, AND OFTEN DID, HAPPEN that a team might count a majority of matches won, and yet tie or lose on the total number of holes scored. In the finals between Harvard and Yale at Ardsley, Yale won four of the six matches, but her total of eleven holes was equalled by Harvard, through the accident of Hubbard's outclassing his Yale opponent. Even then the holing of a two-foot putt by Robertson on the home green would have given the victory to Yale.

IF TEAM MATCHES ARE TO BE PLAYED under the rules for hole play, it is surely inconsistent that the scoring should be essentially that of medal play. It would be far more logical to adopt the out-and-out system (used in combination team matches) of adding together the medal scores of the several players, and awarding the victory to the team returning the lowest aggregate total. Good red herring is better eating than something which is neither fish nor fowl.

It is evident that the present system is unsatisfactory, and last March the executive committee of the U.S.G.A. appointed a special committee to consider the question, and to report upon the advisability of making a change. The special committee being one of those timorous committees we have known on other occasions advised against new legislation, and there the matter rests. The Morris County and Tuxedo clubs, in their home and home team matches, tried the experiment of counting a single point for each individual match, but the result was not wholly satisfactory. Under this system a tie may occur as often as not, and it is obvious that the chances of this contingency should be reduced to a minimum.

KROMER,
West Point's Captain and Quarter-back.

C. B. HERSCHBERGER,
University of Chicago's Full-back.

ONE SUGGESTION MADE provides that the individual matches should have varying values according to the margins by which they are won. Under this system a match won by one or two holes would be scored as a "single," counting one team point; a match by three or four holes up would be a "double," counting two team points; and a match won by five or more holes would be a "treble," and be valued at three team points. The system is analogous to the scoring at short whist, and has the merits of simplicity and conclusiveness.

A better suggestion, perhaps, is to allow one point for the match and a half-point for the bye-holes (if any). Under this system a decision would almost invariably be obtained, the better team would win, and the interest of the several matches would be sustained to the end. A player might win his match and lose the bye-holes, or *vice versa*, and the fractional points would minimize the chances of a tie. Under the present clumsy and ridiculous system the Yale team was deprived of a fairly earned victory.

THE YALE CAPTAIN WAS RIGHT unquestionably in his contention that the tie should be decided by each pair playing single holes until one side or the other could show a clear lead. It is true that the rules make no definite provision for this particular contingency, but by analogy the rule for the decision of ties in single matches may be held to cover the case. Under ordinary circumstances it would be impossible to play the entire match over again, and if a decision were wanted, it would have to be obtained (as in baseball) by playing extra innings—*i. e.*, single holes. Under the circumstances it was practicable to play another full round, and Yale yielded gracefully. As it turned out, Harvard would have won either way.

YALE LOST ON THE PLAY-OFF through the reversal of form shown by Barnes. He is a young player, and the day's work was too heavy for him. Hubbard saved the match for Harvard in the morning round, and scored handsomely in the play-off. He is undoubtedly a coming player, and should show up well at the amateur championship meeting next year. In the all-round play a marked advance over the golf shown at the first meeting a year ago was apparent. Princeton's team was a much weaker one than represented the orange and black last May, Vanderpool, Bayard, and Blair having been graduated, but there is good material in her team.

As between Reid, the new inter-collegiate individual champion, and his collegemate W. B. Smith, there is little to choose. Both men play brilliantly at times, and each is lacking in steadiness. Smith did the better work at Morristown, being the runner-up to Douglas, and he also won the championship of Yale over Reid a few weeks ago. But at Ardsley Reid came away with a game that was close to par figures, and Smith seemed to have gone a bit stale. The ex-champion, J. F. Curtis, of Harvard, did not succeed even in qualifying for the match rounds, and his general work of the season has not fulfilled the promise of earlier form.

As a matter of record, it may be noted that this was the third inter-collegiate championship meeting. The second was held last May, Yale winning team match, Harvard second, and J. F. Curtis taking individual honors, with Reid runner-up, and it was then resolved to change to an autumn date, and so avoid clashing with the various spring athletic interests.

> "A SECTION OF AMERICAN GOLFERS [says London *Golf*] are putting it about that Mr. Findlay Douglas is hardly a *bona fide* amateur, and even go so far as to assert that he was 'put up' to play by an enterprising firm which sells golfing commodities! There does not seem to be a shadow of foundation for these and other complimentary statements, and we forbear to comment on this graceful method of accepting defeat."

The charges against Mr. Douglas's amateur standing were certainly unfounded, but the editor of London *Golf* does not seem to know that the opposition to Mr. Douglas was almost entirely due to the attitude of two of his fellow-countrymen. I also forbear to comment. Douglas is an employee of an electric-supply house in this city, and saved up his vacation of two weeks in order to enter the amateur championship at Morristown.

When he appeared at the tee for the first day's play, so industriously had these malicious reports against his status been circulated by his fellow-countrymen that there was hardly a hand-clap. However, he stuck quietly to his work, and by his unassuming demeanor and unvarying sportsmanship he made his final victory a popular one with every sportsman in the gallery.

This is worth noting as an instance of the sense of American fair play, as Smith, the runner-up to Douglas, is a native-bred player and a college boy, and naturally carried with him the sympathy of the spectators.

It is also worth while noting that the only piece of sharp practice which occurred during the tournament stands to the discredit of a golfer who is not an American.

IT WOULD BE MISLEADING, not to say discourteous, to the Carlisle Indian eleven to refer to that team as "good practice." Carlisle is too near equality with the larger university elevens of the East not to be regarded at all times as a worthy opponent. While the Indians may lack the *finesse* of football play, shown, for example, by their men failing on occasions to take advantage of unexpected developments and situations oftentimes outside the ordinary football routine, yet Carlisle does possess to an enviable degree the consistency of hard, clean, dogged, and aggressive execution of such fundamental principles as have been mastered.

To put it another way, Carlisle has no off days. The eleven plays uniformly well to-day, to-morrow, or a week hence, meeting in turn a majority of the strongest Eastern teams. Others may meet whom they choose and as few as they choose. Carlisle meets them all, and the

YALE'S SHARP OFFENCE.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY ELEVEN.

ability of the Indians to do this, and their cleanliness in the doing of it, cannot fail to command respect.

Carlisle demonstrated her grasp of fundamentals in the game lost to Harvard (5–10) at Cambridge the other day. Harvard showed Carlisle the need to success of a clear knowledge of football rules—of knowing, for instance, how to put a player on side, when to do it, and what to do with him when put on side. Carlisle showed Harvard the necessity to success of consistent, rugged resistance—or defence—and an active, untiring, well-directed, and united attack—or offence. In short, Carlisle was the exponent of primary football, and qualified to advance to a higher grade: Harvard was the exponent of middle-grade football, and evinced ignorance of elementaries which suggested the need of another term in the primary department.

Harvard's manner of play against Carlisle was her usual combination of punting and rushing. The object in frequent punting being to put distance between her opponents and her own goal, as a means of strengthening her defence, and the chances of her opponents fumbling—with the possibility of profit to the Harvard offence. To this was added a single attempt at goal by drop-kick from the field.

Carlisle's programme of endeavor, in the main, was like Harvard's, except that Carlisle put more stress in simple rushing of the ball and in drop-kicking, and less stress in punting.

Measuring the result by what each eleven attempted, Harvard's victory was due to her punting, and Carlisle's five points to her drop-kicking. One cannot regard Harvard's rushing attack other than as a failure, and, since Carlisle's rushing did not result in a touch-down, or more chances for goals from the field, the obvious conclusion is that the Indians' rushing was also a failure.

Such critical deductions, however, are really hypercritical and do not quite fit the facts, especially so far as Carlisle's rushing attack is concerned. The Indians did not score a touch-down, and Hudson only twice had a favorable opportunity for try at field-goal, but, considering total yards gained, Carlisle's rushes were as success opposed to failure when compared to Harvard's work with the ball in hand. No one doubts that Carlisle would have made more of the opportunity than Harvard did had she, like Harvard, had the ball on opponents' five-yard line five times during the game.

In the execution lay the main difference between Carlisle and Harvard attack. Carlisle had impetus and determination when her backs struck the Harvard line, and whether for a straight plunge at centre or a revolving plunge directed at tackle, there were clean fierceness and unity that Harvard lacked entirely. Hudson, in his quickness of passing and in his direction and running of plays, would find place upon almost any eleven, even though he had no other football qualifications to commend him. But he has others—to wit, agility on his feet equal to that with his hands; assistance to runner on any attack from centre to end without in the least slowing the play by getting into it himself; skill at drop-kicking. Summing up, we have a quarter-back but little inferior to De Saulles of Yale and a type of player indispensable to team-play. The other Carlisle backs, to a man, seconded Hudson's efforts, and dragged, pushed, and actually hurled each other for gains. With one exception, Carlisle could not gain round the ends, but her dashes against other portions of the Harvard line were generally quite successful.

Defensively, Carlisle was not so strong against good rushing tactics, the fault being, however, rather with the support of her rush-line backs than with the forwards, the backs at this work seemingly not knowing just what was expected of them, and not distributing themselves to the best possible advantage.

The faults of the Harvard attack have been suggested somewhat in speaking of Carlisle. Briefly, each man was for himself, and even so revealed little of the clean dash so apparent in the Indian runners. When Daly, at quarter, was not slow in getting the ball to the runner, the backs were tardy in starting. There was no sharp undelayed meeting of ball and runner, and the result was the expected one. Harvard's forwards are not good at opening up a way for their backs, but that failing cut slight figure in the result against Carlisle, for the back-field attack was so slow in starting and ragged in striking as to have been unable to take advantage of even the quickest openings. Against the Carlisle ends Harvard lacked the same unison noticeable in the line attacks, her interference being scattered, slow, and spasmodic. A few Harvard end gains were more the result of good luck than of good direction.

The Harvard defence was sufficient to prevent Carlisle from scoring at will, but not strong enough to hold repeatedly for downs. The speed of Carlisle's attack seemed to take the Harvard line off its feet, with the result that the balance of impetus, and consequently the possibility of gain, was with Carlisle. The Carlisle line was not bent back quickly enough into the runner and his interference. On the defence, also, Harvard's line backs, especially Reid and Warren, were weak, ignoring those unexpected opportunities whose quick seizure indicates the football head.

Individually, Smith, the Carlisle centre, was superior to Jaffray in the small but important qualifications of the position, such as continuously clean snapping back to quarter and a quick sure pass to full-back. Boal and Burden (Harvard) at guard held their own offensively and defensively with Redwater and Scott. Bemus Pierce played a particularly superior defence against Harvard's left tackle, Donald, while H. Pierce (Carlisle) at right tackle had more of an even thing with Mills and Haughton. One could hardly be satisfied with 'varsity ends that failed, as Harvard's did, of bringing off even the small gains that at times their Indian opposites, Rogers and Archiquette, manœuvred round Carlisle's left and right.

In getting down on punts and preventing their being run back, the Carlisle men quite excelled Cochrane and Hallowell.

Daly's passing was slow, and his play not so uniformly good as I believe him capable of showing. Comparison with Hudson was not to Daly's advantage, but some of his blocking was excellent on interference, and he had a tackle or two to his credit quite up to the best of the Indian's. Dibblee excelled any Indian back save Hudson, and made one quite as brilliant twenty-yard gain as a similar effort of Cayou's—indeed, more brilliant, since Dibblee was practically unaided, and his effort, supplemented by a little spurt of the Harvard attack, resulted in a touch-down. Reid and Warren were perhaps on equality with Miller and Metoxen, save in offensive work.

Haughton and Cochrane did Harvard's punting, and, on the whole, did it well.

Harvard's chance of success against Yale is decidedly an unknown quantity. Until the Univ. of Penn. game shows us whether Harvard is capable of stiffening the line and putting more force and unison into the defensive work, one may not venture even a guess on the outcome of the 19th. Certainly a supple line and indifferent support given the runner would result more disastrously for Harvard against Yale than would the same faults against Univ. of Penn. The back-field work of Yale and her general offensive play exhibit even today, when tried out, more concentrated force than that of any other eleven, and would therefore be especially telling against such manner of play as Harvard showed against Carlisle. While Yale's defence—referring particularly to that exhibited in the West Point game—was loose, it must be remembered that the blue invariably reaches its full development as late as can be without detriment to effectiveness in its final games. And that full development we can always count on as being strong. The fact that her defence against West Point was loose is no warrant for assuming it will be weak against Princeton or Harvard.

In discussing the prospective work of Harvard or Princeton in forth-coming final games, the chances of their attaining perfected play, of the eleven's full strength being utilized, must always be taken into consideration, and the saving "if" is indispensable. But concerning Yale we may be positive. The team from New Haven can be depended upon to realize its fullest possibility on the day of its game. If beaten, it is by the superior play of the opponent, and not through ragged or weak or unperformed work of its own. Yale is a known quantity in the crowning efforts of her athletic teams, and intermediate contests are but preliminary practice to the coveted end of which her coaches never lose sight. That is why it is so very misleading to reckon Yale's football possibilities by the scores the eleven has made during the trial season.

The Yale–West Point game (won by the former, 10–0) was noteworthy chiefly in revealing the attacking power of Yale's backs, and in emphasizing the consistency with which West Point annually develops first-class teams despite handicaps that would wreck the prospects of men less earnest and of less pronounced sportsmanship. The present season provided a crucial test of both qualities, but there has been no lessening endeavor by the cadets, nor slacking of interest among that usual little group of officers, whose personnel changes from year to year as duty separates them, but whose interest is always active and wholesome, and counts for so much in the perpetuity and encouragement of the sport. The excellent work of the '98 team means more when I say that this year is the first in which West Point has relied strictly upon its own coaching resources. Last year the system was inaugurated, though Harmon Graves, who may be said to have brought West Point football up to its present standard, continued his supervision. This season, however, the coaching has been done by Lieutenants Ames, Morrow, and Stout, and Koehler, the Academy sword-master. Furthermore, of the '97 team, the centre, both guards, a tackle, and a half-back were graduated, and of these were Nesbitt and Scales, rated with the best in their positions. To fill these places among only 325 men seemed impossible, and yet how nearly it has been accomplished the team's work against Yale showed. It is suggestive of the sportsmanly spirit that permeates the Academy that the expenditures incident to athletics are met largely by contributions from *alumni*, and it is indicative of the ruling spirit to learn that even this year, with its excitement of war and work, there has been no diminution in support, checks coming from even Manila, Havana, and Alaska.

West Point was hardly fit for stiff play when she met Harvard, and was defeated (0–28), but the team was well settled to its work in the Yale game two weeks later, and though again defeated (0–10), showed greatly improved and thoroughly excellent work. Many times during the game West Point opened up Yale's strongest lines, and repeatedly made gains with telling formations well executed. In fact, for several periods during both halves the cadets took the ball on downs, carrying it towards Yale's goal, until the latter recovered itself by one of those familiar braces. The ball was in the air a great deal of the time, and there was little to choose between the punting of Romeyn (West Point) and McBride (Yale); Romeyn's work showed up better because he did not overkick his ends, as did McBride, and his handling of the ball was cleaner. McBride muffed inexcusably, and overkicked his ends invariably; but his line-bucking and interference were of a high order. Kromer, West Point's clever quarter, rarely failed to get under McBride's punts, or to run back with them from 10 to 20 yards; twice he narrowly missed a field goal, and once gained 25 yards by skilfully working the quarter-back kick.

Kromer ran his team well, is a heady captain, and a player of the first class. Foy at right tackle and Smith at end are a strong pair—there are few better in the country. The cadet ends outplayed their opponents; Ennis, guard, played strongly. Waldron's half-back work was brilliant; twice he went around Hubbell's end for gains of 20 and 25 yards; he is a strong ground-gainer, and hard to stop. West Point's weak point is left tackle, and Yale hammered it for most of her gains through the line. With that exception the West Point line showed up well. The cadet backs were strong on the defensive; compared with Yale they are slow in getting off; in fact, that criticism applies generally to the West Point team—it does not get off and into the play sharp enough.

Yale's defensive work was indifferent, even taking into consideration the customary tardiness of Yale teams in reaching their form, and it was the more noticeable because the regular 'varsity line was practically intact. Brown and Cutten were notable exceptions to the general disjointed line-work; Coy was a bit of an exception also, but by no means a satisfying 'varsity end. Cutten does not follow the ball closely enough. Hubbell, on the other end, was a mark for the cadets. The back field, McBride excepted, comprised the second string, but their work was superior to that of the first string in the line. It was their fierce attack which gave Yale her points. Sullivan handled the ball sharply and accurately. McBride must send the ball higher on punts or there will be trouble; Yale has no ends who can get down the field on his long low kicks. There is not likely to be any touch-down on a muffed punt if McBride overkicks his ends as he did in the West Point game. Considering his recent convalescence, Chamberlin's work was creditable. The line-tackling was poor.

Yale was a repeated and flagrant offender at holding in the line. The umpire seemed strangely indifferent.

Princeton is the only one of the Eastern 'varsity elevens that up to this date (November 4) has kept its opponents (Carlisle not being among them) from scoring. Yet the team's work has been so irregular from week to week that dependence upon it is out of the question. The difficulty of defeating Cornell (6–0) and Penn. State (5–0)—both hard teams to score against, however, especially Cornell—scattered Princeton hopes, which were raised afresh by the satisfactory tally against Brown (23–0), only to be finally crushed by the very indifferent showing against Virginia (12–0) last Wednesday. I must confess that not since '93 have I seen Princeton, against a weak team, exhibit periods of such poor offence ten days before her Yale game. On the other hand, there were moments of as good defensive line-work as I have seen put up by a Princeton eleven in practice.

I am not so sure that Princeton's obvious undevelopment ten days before her final game is really so serious a matter as it appears to be. Hitherto her fatal error has been over-development. The team has, almost without variance, been at top form a week or ten days too soon, creating the vexing and most difficult problem of how to keep it from going back. It is always better to be a bit under than over trained, and so, too, it seems to me, it is best to attain to your full playing power and skill during the last week or ten days.

In theory that sounds well, but it is not given to every set of players or trainers to put theory into practice. So far as bringing her eleven up to its best in the last week, Yale has made magnificent practical use of this theory; but with Princeton it will be an experiment. At Yale it has long since passed that stage and become a tradition; at Princeton it is new to players, coaches, and the students, and the first and last show their strangeness to the unusual situation.

Until teams settle down in the last ten days or so and play their regular men, it is wellnigh impossible to accurately judge of their capabilities. The employment of substitutes or candidates usually gives an entirely different character to the play—both in formation and execution. We get some idea of the team's style and quality, but, except in the case of Yale, as I have already said, we cannot know what those last ten days are going to do for the players and their work.

As I last saw the Yale–Princeton teams, Princeton had a great deal more to do in these ten days than had Yale. Princeton's line was stronger than Yale's on the defensive, but, with the exception of the ends, not so strong as Yale's on the offensive. Princeton's ends, though light, were of much more service to their team than were Yale's. In the back field Yale was superior in every position. The question is, therefore, how much improvement is Princeton capable of in the remaining week; how much latent football is there in the men? The Princeton line, I believe, can be made the equal of Yale's for all-round work, although I feel Yale will always have a shade the better of it on the offensive. As for the back field, neither in personnel nor in plan or execution of attack are they comparable. Judged by what I have already seen, it seems hardly possible that Yale will not have a distinct advantage in the back field next Saturday. On the other hand, Princeton's line, already somewhat stronger on the defensive, may, in these last days, increase its superiority to such a degree as to neutralize Yale's superior attacking power. We have seen a Princeton line do that before, but it had Wheeler, Holly, Lea, and there are none such in Princeton's line this year.

The trouble with the Princeton team is lack of snap all along the line and behind it, and slowness, and absence of support on attack. The large teams are usually pretty evenly matched in the line, and more often than not also in the personnel of the backs. Therefore what generally makes the differences between the winning and losing team is not individual prowess in or back of the line, or marked superiority in one or the other of these departments, but rather the manner in which the plays are executed. The eleven men who are on their toes, and get into the play every time hard and without delay, are the men that win. If there is one thing Princeton did not do last week, it was to get, not to say keep, on its toes. The whole line except the ends, and all the backs save Kafer, stood flat on their feet. That kind of play will not win next Saturday.

Princeton, however, is sure to put steam in her work—how much no one can say in this her first year of late development. Certainly there should be enough steam to make a close, hard-fought game. Princeton's defence ought to keep Yale's score down very low, but unless the Princeton back field makes tremendous improvement, its attacking power will be hardly equal to driving through Yale for a touch-down. There is sure to be much kicking, and Princeton may get a chance to score—through her speedy ends and Yale's muffing. Home grounds may give Princeton unexpected chances in this direction. It would be fallacious to take a line on Yale and Princeton through their West Point games. Princeton ought to make a better score than did Yale. The Princeton game with the cadets (last Saturday while we were on the press) should, however, give us an inkling as to Princeton's ability to get more speed and force in her attack.

Pennsylvania–Chicago University game discussed next week.

Caspar Whitney.

"HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO."—By William Blaikie.—New and Enlarged Edition.—Illustrated.—$1 75.—Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

The Triennial General Convention of the Episcopal Church, at Washington, D. C., has ended its customary three weeks of session without startling incident or conclusion of any work of immediate consequence. Circumstances will determine the significance and importance that may be involved in the new constitutional regulation: "That provision may be made by canon for the temporary use of other forms and directories of worship [besides the prayer-book] by congregations not already in union with this Church who are willing to accept the spiritual oversight of the bishop of the diocese." In fact, the convention of 1898 will probably go into history as "dull"—by no means a bad reputation for any legislative body.

As heretofore indicated in this column, the venerable presiding bishop (Dr. Williams of Connecticut) was detained from his place by bodily infirmity, the Bishop of Albany (Dr. Doane) being elected chairman of his House; and the Rev. Dr. Dix, rector of Trinity Parish, New York, was for the fifth time chosen president of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies. On taking the chair, Dr. Dix intimated that he should be unwilling ever again to undertake the heavy labors of the office; but the House, in a vote of thanks to him adopted towards the close of the session, expressed the hope that he might yet consent to serve again. However this may prove to be, Dr. Dix probably now holds the "record" for length of continuous service in this responsible place, and the reputation of standing supreme among all the capable presiding officers whose services the House has enjoyed.

It was remarked some weeks ago in this place that the proposed revision of the constitution and canons must be the main occupation of the convention, and that its whole time would scarce suffice for that single purpose. Almost its whole time was, in fact, employed in this work, with the result that only the constitution was adopted at the last moment, the canons going over to the convention of 1901 for consideration. The constitution also must be confirmed *verbatim* in 1901 before it shall go into effect, and since a committee was appointed to report in 1901 a new constitutional article "setting forth the Standard Bible," that committee's report, should it be then adopted, will require affirmative action by the next following convention in order to become effective, so that in the most favoring conditions the complete constitution cannot become operative until 1904.

The constitution as adopted this year contains nothing revolutionary; the most important thing is the provision for "temporary use of other forms and directories of worship" above mentioned, from which much is hoped by many persons. This was introduced in substance in the convention of 1895. Its fate then and now furnishes a typical instance of the conservative manner characteristic of the convention's action—the careful, slow waiting for opinion to settle and clear itself before effecting new legislation of importance. The constitutional prohibition of more than one diocese in the same city was expunged, in order to provide for the case of New York, in which city the civil authority has now, by the new charter, included Brooklyn and Queens, wherein lies the main spiritual and financial strength of the Diocese of Long Island. A long-standing wrong has been righted by allowance of canonical provision for courts of review and appeal in the trial of criminous clerks, for whom, until the present time, there has been no means of relief from unjust judgment in the trial court. Constitutional allowance of "the provincial system" has at last been made. Various efforts to change the name of the Church were all defeated.

Five missionary bishops were elected, as follows: the Rev. Samuel Cook Edsall, D.D., rector of St. Peter's Church, Chicago, to North Dakota; the Rev. William H. Moreland, rector of St. Luke's Church, San Francisco, to Sacramento; the Rev. James Bowen Funsten, rector of Trinity Church, Portsmouth, Virginia, to Boisé; the Rev. Junius Moore Horner, of Oxford, North Carolina, to Asheville; and the Rev. Lucien Lee Kinsolving, of the Brazilian mission, to be Bishop of Grande do Sul, Brazil. On the last's nomination the question of intrusion was raised, seeing that there is a valid episcopate in that country; but the convention was of opinion that the sort of Christianity prevalent in Brazil need not preclude other efforts. One foreign missionary bishop elected by the House of Bishops was defeated by the House of Deputies. This was in executive session, according to the rule in all such cases, but credible report says that the objection was based on the nominee's age of fifty-two and the fact that he had to master a difficult language in order to be effective in his office. A deputy urged that he himself had learned ten languages after the age of sixty, but in spite of this example the "dead-line" of fifty-two *plus* a language to learn remained inexorably drawn.

The Diocese of Indiana was divided, the present bishop (White) choosing the new diocese, Northern Indiana, for his own. The remaining diocese of Indiana will elect its bishop.

Application from Hawaii for admission to the American Church was denied, the convention deeming it inexpedient to interfere at present with the existing status, which is that of a missionary district of the Church of England. A commission was appointed to consider the cases of Cuba and Puerto Rico in consultation with the English Bishop of Antigua, who has a congregation at Ponce waiting to be transferred to the American Church.

A joint commission was established to report in 1901 on the validity of orders in the Reformed Episcopal body, in which body there is a movement towards return to the communion from which it seceded.

The proposed more stringent canon of marriage and divorce was defeated in the House of Bishops; the House of Deputies referred it to a special committee of thirteen, to report in 1901, the report to be in the hands of deputies by the end of 1900. From the composition of this committee it seems unlikely that any report whatever can be made with substantial unanimity, and possibly no report of much substance and significance can even obtain a majority, so different at present are opinions on the question among men of equal earnestness, piety, and learning.

San Francisco was appointed the place of session in 1901, and the House of Deputies voted to hold its meeting then in an unconsecrated building—a vote which probably will prevent all further use of sacred places for the business of legislative assemblies.

Mention should here be made of the Triennial Meeting of the Women's Auxiliary, at which the offering amounted to about $82,000. The convention resolved that the offering of the same body in 1901 should be devoted to Domestic Missions, in addition to the regular appropriations from the Board of Missions, the work among the colored people to receive its proportionate share.

To this brief review should be added the following statistics of the growth of the Church, compiled by Bishop Coleman of Delaware for the *Church Eclectic*:

> At the beginning of the year 1873 we had in the United States about 2950 clergymen, including 48 bishops. We now have in the same territory about 4700 clergymen, including 83 bishops. During the twenty-five years preceding 1873 there were 51 bishops consecrated, as against 85 bishops consecrated since 1873. Twenty-five years ago there were about 260,000 communicants. There are now not less than 660,000, which means nearly, if not quite, three millions of members, or at least of avowed "adherents." The number of American dioceses and missionary jurisdictions then was 45. Their present number is 77. The average contributions in money for Church purposes, as reported then, were about $4,000,000 annually. They are now about $13,000,000 annually.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

INFANT HEALTH.

Inquiries prompted the publication of "Infant Health" in pamphlet form, by the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., and the appreciation of its value led to an elaborate edition. Sent on application.—[*Adv.*]

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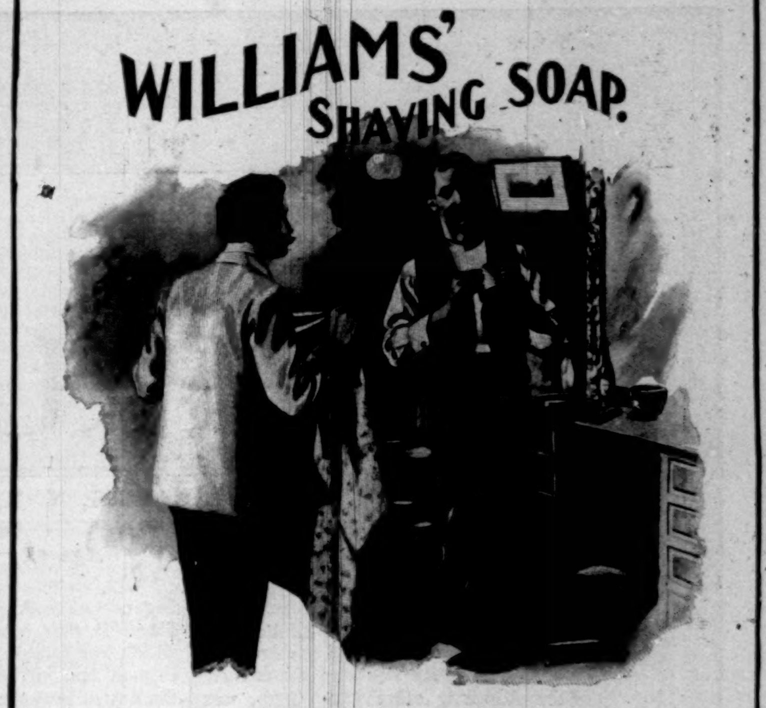
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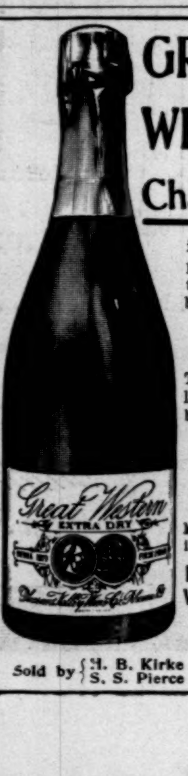

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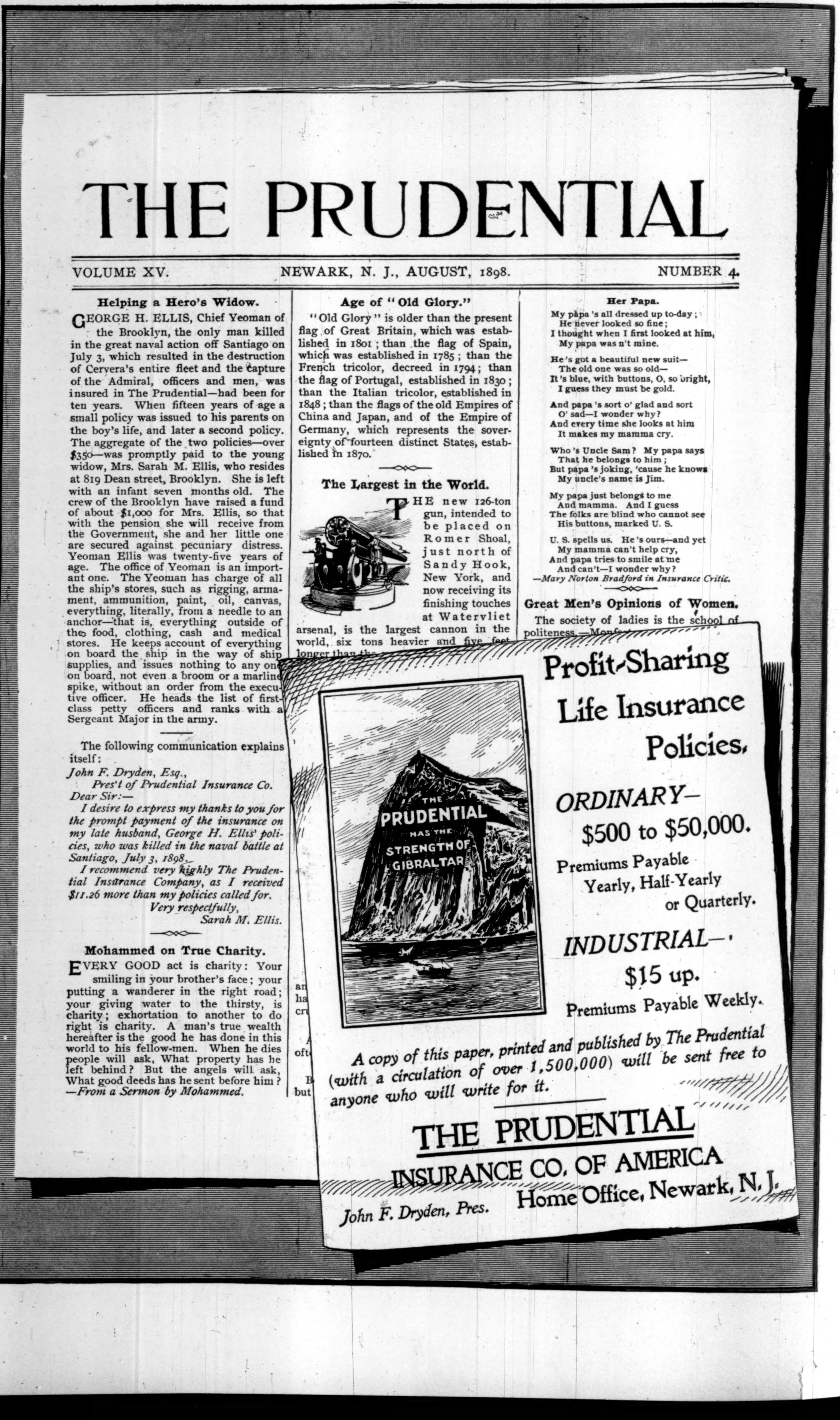

THE PRUDENTIAL

VOLUME XV. NEWARK, N. J., AUGUST, 1898. NUMBER 4.

Helping a Hero's Widow.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, Chief Yeoman of the Brooklyn, the only man killed in the great naval action off Santiago on July 3, which resulted in the destruction of Cervera's entire fleet and the capture of the Admiral, officers and men, was insured in The Prudential—had been for ten years. When fifteen years of age a small policy was issued to his parents on the boy's life, and later a second policy. The aggregate of the two policies—over $350—was promptly paid to the young widow, Mrs. Sarah M. Ellis, who resides at 819 Dean street, Brooklyn. She is left with an infant seven months old. The crew of the Brooklyn have raised a fund of about $1,000 for Mrs. Ellis, so that with the pension she will receive from the Government, she and her little one are secured against pecuniary distress. Yeoman Ellis was twenty-five years of age. The office of Yeoman is an important one. The Yeoman has charge of all the ship's stores, such as rigging, armament, ammunition, paint, oil, canvas, everything, literally, from a needle to an anchor—that is, everything outside of the food, clothing, cash and medical stores. He keeps account of everything on board the ship in the way of ship supplies, and issues nothing to any one on board, not even a broom or a marline spike, without an order from the executive officer. He heads the list of first-class petty officers and ranks with a Sergeant Major in the army.

The following communication explains itself:

John F. Dryden, Esq.,
Pres't of Prudential Insurance Co.
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I recommend very highly The Prudential Insurance Company, as I received $11.26 more than my policies called for.

Very respectfully,
Sarah M. Ellis.

◆

Mohammed on True Charity.

EVERY GOOD act is charity: Your smiling in your brother's face; your putting a wanderer in the right road; your giving water to the thirsty, is charity; exhortation to another to do right is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies people will ask, What property has he left behind? But the angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him? *—From a Sermon by Mohammed.*

Age of "Old Glory."

"Old Glory" is older than the present flag of Great Britain, which was established in 1801; than the flag of Spain, which was established in 1785; than the French tricolor, decreed in 1794; than the flag of Portugal, established in 1830; than the Italian tricolor, established in 1848; than the flags of the old Empires of China and Japan, and of the Empire of Germany, which represents the sovereignty of fourteen distinct States, established in 1870.

◆

The Largest in the World.

THE new 126-ton gun, intended to be placed on Romer Shoal, just north of Sandy Hook, New York, and now receiving its finishing touches at Watervliet arsenal, is the largest cannon in the world, six tons heavier and five feet longer than the

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Her Papa.

My papa 's all dressed up to-day;
He never looked so fine;
I thought when I first looked at him,
My papa was n't mine.

He 's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It 's blue, with buttons, O, so bright,
I guess they must be gold.

And papa 's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why?
And every time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

Who 's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa 's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons, marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He 's ours—and yet
My mamma can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why?

—Mary Norton Bradford in Insurance Critic.

◆

Great Men's Opinions of Women.

The society of ladies is the school of politeness.—Monf

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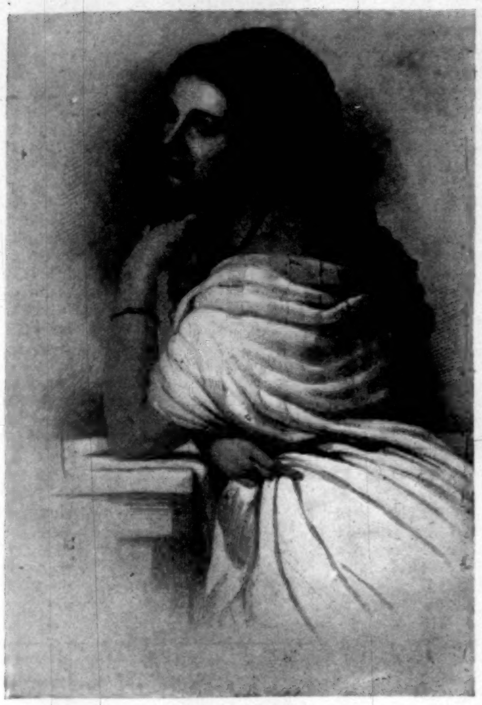
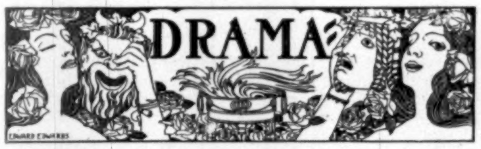


HELEN FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN).
Born 1819. Died October 31, 1898.—[See Page 1103.]



A Trap-door Play at the Lyceum.

"THE Colonial Girl," by Grace Livingston Furniss and Abbey Sage Richardson, was first played, for a week only, at Philadelphia, under the title of "A Shilling's Worth"; it has now been substituted for "The Lady Ursula" during the last three weeks of Mr. Sothern's stay at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. As a drama it is fundamentally false. *Godfrey Remsen* (Mr. Sothern), having been jilted for a fortune and a British title, marries *Mollie Heddin* (Virginia Harned), an innocent and romantic Colonial girl, in order to avenge himself upon the jilt. If any ordinary man had thus sacrificed a young girl to his vanity, I do not think sensible people would have cared to continue his acquaintance for even the brief period of an evening. Certainly any gentleman who is such a fool as to hope to gain satisfaction, even the poor satisfaction of revenge, by saddling himself with an unbred country girl is not a promising source for an evening's entertainment. But bless us! How much better the authors knew! Mr. Sothern does not show the least sign of being a cad; as for being a fool, he is the bright, romantic, and altogether delightful man he has always proved. And as for the jilt, you would have thought, wicked, calculating creature as she is, that she would live up against her title and her wealth, with due gratitude for escaping the yoke of a chuckle-headed lout like *Remsen*. Wrong again. She becomes madly jealous of the charming Mr. Sothern, and, owing to the fact that the gifted authors of the play were careful enough to leave a letter, that proves *Remsen - Sothern* an American spy, lying carelessly on the table, she is able to send him on the way to the noose, and take revenge—*revengch*—on his innocent wife in the process. And so the play goes on, from "situation" to "situation," in the dear old fat-witted manner—drinks and oaths, disguises and duels. The authors are past mistresses of such things. When Mr. Sothern gets into a scrape you may rest assured that he will at once get out of it; his celerity is only equalled by the way in which he gets into another! When there is not a secret panel, there is a trap-door; and the way Mr. Sothern goes in and out of them reminds one in retrospect of the Hanlon acrobats of our youth evading the customs inspectors in "Le Voyage en Suisse." But that is the fault of retrospect. While it is all going on, the spectator would be dull who failed to fall under the spell of the manly grace of Mr. Sothern's bearing. The play is full of good looks, good clothes, good manners, and brilliant movement—all the delights of the theatre. It has only one touch of true drama.

Miss Harned's part as *Mollie Heddin*, the Colonial girl, has considerable dramatic propriety. To be sure, she allows herself to be blindly courted, won, and married by a man whose vanity is still stinging from another woman's slight, and the whole proceeding occupies some such matter as a quarter of an hour; though the betrothal takes place behind doors in the library—to the unbounded woe of the Sothern matinée girl—this does appear to be uncommonly obliging. Yet in "The Lady Ursula" graver improbabilities were easily borne. All through the first act *Mollie's* rôle is charming. One believes that she has run away from the death-alive of a Colonial farm, that she is deceived into thinking the Remsen manor a tavern, and that she naïvely believes that the elaborate dinner which she orders from *Remsen's* kitchen, and which she invites *Remsen* to share, is a mere shilling's worth. Within the lines of conventional comedy the act goes off capitally—so well, in fact, that one may even ignore *Remsen's* conduct, and forget that the plot is largely made up of bits from "She Stoops to Conquer" and other not unfamiliar plays. One passage, indeed—that in which *Mollie* gives a musical portrait on the spinet of the moods and tenses of boredom on the farm—has an air of freshness and individuality. At times Miss Harned's acting seems as much in advance of the *Lady Ursula* as the *Lady Ursula* was in advance of her previous performance; with continued schooling in such parts there is hope of something highly intelligent and artistic. And when, after her expeditious marriage, the wicked jilt tells her that *Remsen* has married her merely out of *revengch*, there is a touch of true pathos that promises well for the rest of the play.

Vain promise! Her subsequent life is spent mainly in abetting *Remsen* as he scuttles through the various holes in the wall that open before him whenever he is hard pressed by the British officers. The quality of the first act serves mainly to suggest what "The Colonial Girl" might have held for us. *Remsen* might have been a true figure of a Colonial patriot: in point of fact, he is little more than a costume, though it is animated, to be sure, by Mr. Sothern's personal charm. The British officers might have been—British officers: they are movable uniforms, valuable chiefly as lending color to the scene. The tragedy of *Mollie's* romantic marriage might have been made genuine dramatically, and therefore deeply appealing: as scene follows scene it is obscured by the brilliancy and opportuneness with which she aids the walls in opening to receive *Remsen*. If it had been vouchsafed to Mr. Sothern to appear the scatter-brain *Remsen* was, he might have been reclaimed by *Mollie's* sincerity and loyalty: the situation in which a man falls in love with his wife is certainly as capable of skilful variation as the tavern situation in "She Stoops to Conquer." In a word, the play might easily have been a legitimate romance of early American life.

Tailor-made Parts.

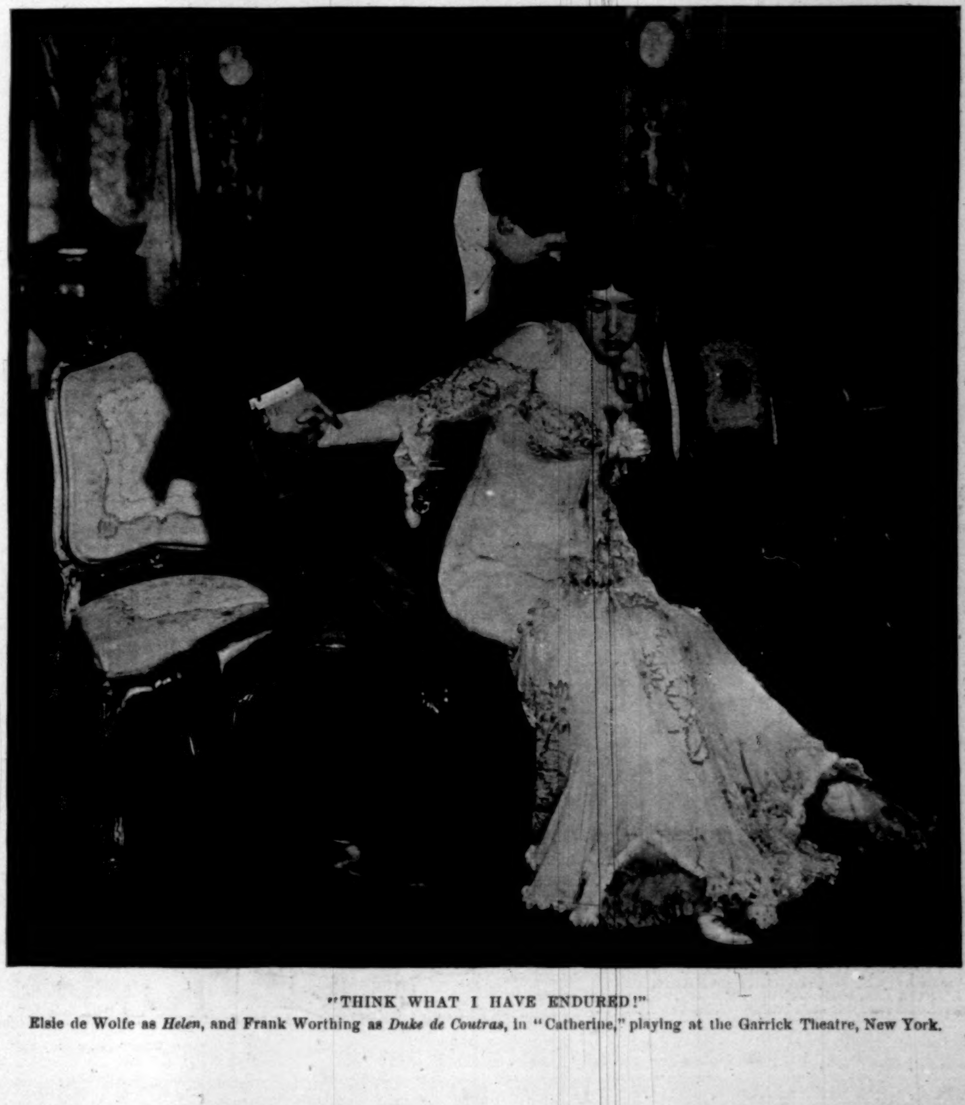
Why was it not so written? I beg to be excused from thinking that the authors are incapable of the mere perspicacity and the rightness of heart that are needful to a genuine drama. We have the *Mollie* of the first act. *Ex pede Herculem*. More likely the authors still believe in the ancient fictions that conversation is fatal to the movement that is necessary to a drama, and that what affects an audience is situation rather than substance and vitality. On the stage on which we have become familiar with the ripest of Pinero's plays, it is late to point out that movement may consist in mental and spiritual developments, and that without vitality a "situation" is little more potent than geometrical theorem. Perhaps, however, the authors aimed the play at the limitations of their actors; no doubt the true craftsman makes his play to fit his actor. Molière did, and probably Shakspere. But in so doing they ignored the mannerisms, and aimed to develop the full power of their interpreters. I have little doubt that what recommended the play was the fact that it gave Miss Harned an opportunity to develop her powers.

"Catherine" in Paris and in New York.

"Catherine," at the Garrick, has taken new interest from the fact that Mr. Charles Frohman has announced a purpose in its presentation. He selected the play as the greatest success of last season in Paris, and deliberately undertook to stage it and cast it as well as it was staged and cast at the Comédie Française. We are challenged to judge it by the highest standard. As for the play, it would be scarcely worth while to point out in detail the errors in structure and in taste. The actors are the main point. If Mrs. Sarah Cowell-Le Moyne has a defect, it is the defect of her quality—in uttering the wisdom and goodness of her part so unmistakably, the fineness of manner that would be imparted at the Comédie Française is lacking; there is not the distinction of class between *The Duchess* and *Catherine* that the play requires. Joseph Holland, as *Catherine's* bourgeois lover, makes a similar mistake. The key to his actions is the thoughtful, almost stoical, generosity that is the virtue of the best men of his class. The rendering of the part is outspoken, aggressive. Miss Ethel Barrymore on leaving her mother's drawing-room curtsies to a guest in a manner that aims to be Parisian if it is not, and then waves adieu to her brother with a comradely flutter of the wrist that a student of social phenomena could doubtless locate as belonging to certain blocks abutting on Fifth Avenue. Such ineptitudes are foreign to the best Parisian acting. Yet they are so slight in effect that in ordinary circumstances they would scarcely be worth pointing out, and I hasten to add that I very much doubt if the French production had so many positive excellences as ours. All of our principal actors are unusually skilful and vigorous. Miss Elsie de Wolfe, whose rôle is most trying and difficult, stands up to it like a little man, and with her native honesty almost redeems its Gallic loathsomeness. Of Miss Russell enough cannot be said. It would be such fun to have a whole new dictionary full of beautiful words to speak her praises! Let us be thankful for what the gods have given us. It is pleasant to know that anything so good can come out of the syndicate.

EMIL PAUR,
Conductor of "The New York Orchestra."

"The Liars," which is still playing to good houses at the Empire, has taken new interest from a rumor as to its



"THINK WHAT I HAVE ENDURED!"
Elsie de Wolfe as *Helen*, and Frank Worthing as *Duke de Coutras*, in "Catherine," playing at the Garrick Theatre, New York.

authorship. It is said that it was written by Oscar Wilde, and that Henry Arthur Jones was induced to lend his name to it because the proceeds are to be applied to the education of Wilde's children.

The Authorship of "The Liars."

"The British are no better than their neighbors," as *Sir Christopher* remarks in the play, "but, thank God, they pretend to be, and make it hot for those who think otherwise!" With the case of the British public and its latest scapegoat we have nothing to do; but it is significant that in the play in question this sentence bites deeper than any other. There are verbal passages among the women folk the bizarre cleverness of which might serve as an ear-mark. The best passage in the play of any length is that in which *Sir Christopher* describes the various fates of those who sin against the laws of society—the long speech toward the end of the last act—which Mr. Drew delivers so admirably. In the fact that it sounds like a moral preachment it is suggestive of Mr. Jones; but the shallowness of it all is obvious on a second thought. Witness the unconsciously flippant and delightfully absurd moral of the play: if your wife is going to run away with another man it is your own fault, so take her on your arm and give her the best supper London can provide! It is to be added that the rumor, which has not yet found its way into print, comes from people who are likely to know. John Corbin.

THE NEW YORK ORCHESTRA.

> It is so soon that I am done for,
> I wonder what on earth I was begun for.
> —*Epitaph on a Promising Infant in Arms.*

Unfriendly Stars —not of Opera.

What malignant star insists on blending its rays with any effort in New York city to establish another local concert-orchestra, proper to the place, by name at least? to form a band which shall yield the sort of playing that is the pride of one or two other musical communities of our country? What, pray, have we done, what are we always doing, that makes the Far-Darter keep his arrows hot on the string against every plan maturing to take away our scorn in the market-place of Boston and our reproach in the gateways of Chicago? Apollo—like another very great Personage—is supposed to take care of his own. Are we, then, none of Apollo's? Or do we sacrifice so much to opera that the graver Fates are offended forever? Shall not zeal, guarantees, talkative ladies, impulsive gentlemen, solemn incorporation, and even a sparkling outsetting save new undertakings for giving us a superfine orchestra all our own? If so, I suppose that we must just quietly go on and on in humbleness, content with our good old Philharmonic's industries and traits—though, by-the-bye, a rumor is current that the miracle of miracles, a change much for the better, has come over *them* since a new leadership has taken their season in hand. This we shall see for ourselves with the Society's opening concerts this week, taking place on too late a day for review in this article. Meantime the usual bad fortune has been assaulting "The New York Orchestra." It made a début, a most brilliant début, in Carnegie Hall a week earlier than these lines are in press—the incident being the introduction to what promised us altogether new reason for musical delight and pride during a long winter.

The advance rumors that declared Mr. Löwenstein's new organization to be one of the very first class, and its performances as likely to be quite the finest ones heard in New York city from any symphonic band of distinctly local origin, and meant especially for a local concert service, proved correct. If we have lost it, we have suffered a great loss. The one evening when it showed what sort of orchestral players were united in it, and what was meant by Mr. Paur's strong hand over it at its rehearsals or in public work, must have decided that much in any unprejudiced ears.

"The New York Orchestra."

The new orchestra is of about a hundred men. In it will be found a good deal of the pick of the city's instrumentalists—those we have already heard under other conductors, and several newcomers, along with a fraction from the Boston Symphony Orchestra and other outside sources. Mr. Nahan Franko is the concert-master; and be it said here that never has Mr. Franko, accomplished violinist as he is, played in any symphony-band as he played on this occasion. The first 'cellist is Mr. Leo Schulz, a virtuoso of the highest esteem, with whose merits the cities in the route of the Boston Orchestra's tours have become familiar. The strings in general are a splendid force, if yet something unpolished in voice. The wood-wind, and the brass, too, are of the very best. In all the band's full ranks one could remark old and tried symphonic friends. But one other matter could also be remarked from the instant their playing began—an expression of discipline, an attitude of artistic responsibility, an unbroken watchfulness of a new musical pilotage. There was a rapport already vividly established between musicians and leadership—all to a degree not discernible in the performances of a local orchestra until now. The conductor's disciplinary earnestness, and the fact that he knew perfectly well what he was aiming at, and was determined to have Weber, or Beethoven, or Rimsky-Korsakov, or any other composer, played as he should be played—these were breathed about in the atmosphere of the first performance of this "New York Orchestra" before the first half-dozen pages of the "Freischütz" overture had been turned. One felt that Mr. Paur was the man to shake our musicians out of the rut of conventional duty, to break the lethargy of dulled temperaments, the slovenliness due to perfunctory and few rehearsals, to stir the most lethargic instrumentalists. There came the pleasant sense that a new standard was already set by a hand able to uphold it.

The programme presented five extremely familiar works—though for one of them never can familiarity breed indifference unless the immediate performance be at fault.

The Orchestra's first, perhaps last, Programme and Concert.

The overture to "Der Freischütz" began the scheme. The "Rienzi" prelude closed it. Between these old, old war-horses of many concert-directors came Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony, Volkmann's honeyed Serenade in D, and a sparkling, fiery, chaotic Russian novelty, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol." The Beethoven symphony demonstrated that Mr. Paur had yet to smooth and to make more fluently coalescent the string-tone of his new charge. But there was present, in telling passages, a rounded eloquence that should soon prevail altogether. Along with it, certain qualities of the band's other choirs will deepen. In any event, this performance of the symphony was the most truly Beethovenish one we have heard, except on evenings when we have sighed to find how much better gracious visitors to us have interpreted the classics than New York's own conductors and own orchestras have served them. The gigantic frolicsomeness of the Scherzo—with that one inarticulate interruption to its joy in the Trio—the climaxes of the last movement that pile onto each other until it seems as if something must break, either Beethoven's inspiration or an orchestra's ascending voice—they were spoken out under Mr. Paur's bâton that evening in richness and full sense of their vitality. One felt that Beethoven was being played as he should be played—with no unlicensed readings, no liberties. If the Third Symphony ever loses its interest, it is not that it is hackneyed; the fault lies in the leader and his men. Mr. Paur is a Beethoven conductor to the manner born. The saccharine Volkmann Serenade (in which Mr. Schulz's obbligato duty was masterly) was a more complete success as to the string quality of the orchestra. The "Rienzi" overture was played with a brio to make it sound not only endurable, but interesting. As for the Rimsky-Korsakov score, a show-piece of wholly unvaluable contents, but exhausting all the tricks and devices of even the "extra" orchestra, and demanding great virtuosity from the whole band, it was given with such spirit, precision, and brilliancy, that one had—once more—to dismiss previous comparisons of a New York kind in considering such a performance. The evening long, all was new life, spirit, care for *nuances*, balance of tone. The basses did not lumber along like a Fifth Avenue omnibus; the wood-wind did not play as on mouth-organs and jew's-harps; the brass did not bluster and blare.

The evening was a demonstration of Mr. Paur's abilities, a triumph of plain, straightforward musicianship and resolution that must have gratified his well-wishers. Again there came to us a good object-lesson in what Mr. Paur is as a leader, quite aside from the Boston Symphony Orchestra's connection and qualities.

Mr. Paur as a Conductor.

When Mr. Paur first came to Boston, and so visited New York, he was not any too discerningly measured, I fear, by any of us. The suavities of Mr. Nikisch—suavities that nevertheless attest the velvet glove on an iron hand—were in our minds. Mr. Paur's rugged, ungraceful, self-forgetting way of leading his men was not pretty. There is no prettiness in it now. There is a bit of the leonine in his personality. We did not like him to stamp his foot and clap his hands, and turn around to view his band, so to say. It seemed poor form. He was not a gentleman, either, to care for dancing attendance in the drawing-rooms of Commonwealth Avenue or of upper Fifth Avenue; too much a musician and a man for mere social foolishness and flattery. His programme-making also was, and is, often curious. And Mr. Paur really was not the concert-leader into which he has ripened since his Mannheim days of opera. He has undoubtedly improved. But on what fine capital the outward improvement was to accrue we now see. His dignity of aims, his musical conscientiousness, his unwearied labor, his sense of responsibility toward a public and a composer, his vigorous musical individuality—all these make Mr. Paur a conductor indeed valuable for what he is, whether in the business of leadership for our music or for music elsewhere. New York has grown into a warm respect for him. I question whether any director to be transplanted to us, coming here without a great European advertisement, would be more a *persona grata;* and it may also be questioned whether any other one could achieve more definitely satisfactory results with the material we have to offer. It is solid musicianship, united to refinement and to a wholesome masculinity of methods, that tells in a musical leader's responsibility.

Altogether, then, if we have heard Mr. Löwenstein's "New York Orchestra" only to hear it no more, we have suffered a manifest subtraction. Its presuming name was a just choice. For, such a band *would* represent New York in symphonic work as has none until now. The orchestra directed by the late Anton Seidl, the quality of performance from the now dispersed Symphony Society, the Philharmonic (as we have had it these many years), and other bands to our city's count were all wholly outdone. It was a royal orchestra with a new orchestral utterance. At last accounts the manager had turned over all his engagements and affairs to his lawyer. Nobody could say what would float on the surface of a stormy sea. If "The New York Orchestra" can be buoyed up, it ought to be only a question of a season to make it the talk of New York's *connaisseurs.* If not, why, those who are partial to other and less concrete plans for our symphonic welfare, or who still cherish needless sentimentality toward Mr. Seidl's memory and services to us, ought to have heard the first concert of this "New York Orchestra" with sufficiently clear perceptions to exclaim, with *Juliet:*

> My only love sprung from my only hate!
> Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

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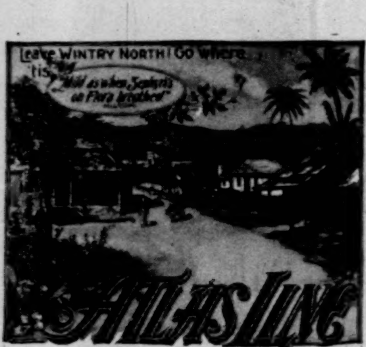
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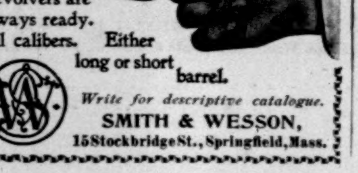

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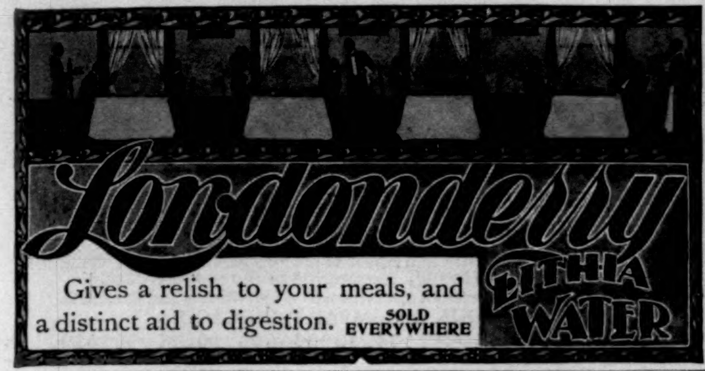

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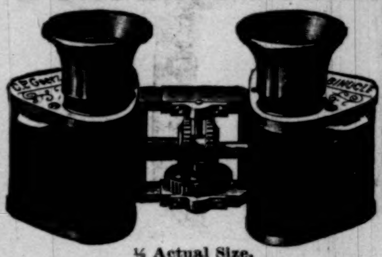

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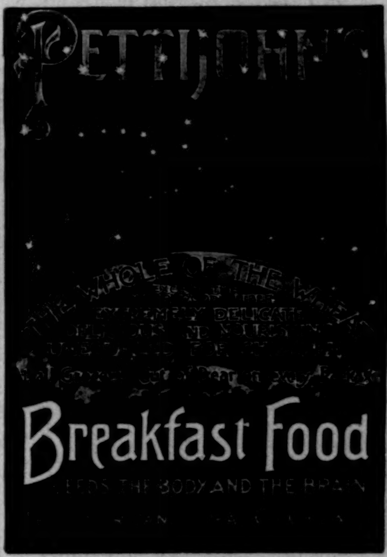

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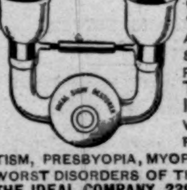

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